

THE LIGUORIAN

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading*

December

1944

The Padre of Jimtown
An Army on the Move
Pigskin Parade
Roots of Prejudice (II)
Christmas Colloquy
Mexican Advent
The Whole Christ
Love and Christmas
Christmas Carols



Pointed Paragraphs:

Peace on Earth — Christmas Presents, 1944 — Political Aftermath —
Unfulfilled Duties and Communism

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

AMONGST OURSELVES

This issue of the *THE LIGUORIAN* dedicates itself to "peace on earth," which is the heart of the Christmas theme. What is meant by "peace on earth" will be found exactly expressed in the pointed paragraph bearing that title. Moreover, there is a "peace" slant in almost every article in the issue: in the analysis of the second root of prejudice, in the study of "Jimtown" and how it was transformed from a brawling slum town to a happy and wholesome place through the coming of "another Christ"; in the touching description of the Mexicans' way of preparing for Christmas and the history of Christmas carols; in the colloquy between Mr. George S. Capital and Mr. John A. Labor; in the three minute instruction on accepting "the whole Christ"; and in many other features. They all fill out our idea of "peace on earth." And what we have not filled out in words, we wish in our hearts for every reader and we implore in our prayers. May it be truly a peaceful Christmas, with the kind of peace that begins in one's own heart and radiates to family, friends, neighbors, fellow citizens and the world.

Again we must beg those who have written to us concerning the controversies stirred up by *THE LIGUORIAN* during the past few

months to be patient. They will all be answered in due time, as, one by one, our high priority jobs are taken care of. . . . For the January issue, we have many articles of special interest for the times: 1) a story of the one housing project in the United States, initiated and managed by a Catholic individual, which specializes in large families (the more children, the easier to get in and the cheaper the living), which should make good reading for parents who have spent weeks looking for living quarters and being turned from many because of their children; 2) an article on the sad but practical question of whether a Catholic wife whose husband has been declared "missing in action" can be declared free to marry again; 3) an analysis of a third root of prejudice, viz., hatred or bad will and its causes. There will be other features of equal freshness and practical import.

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The Liguorian

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BETHLEHEM



A sky of crystal silence by gloomy night embraced —
Then — Dawn of man's Eternal Day within the heavens traced.
Chaste star — a flaming candle in Nature's newest night
Eclipsed by brilliant Miracle — Incarnate God's sweet Light!

Heaven now plays host to Bethlehem's "House of Bread" —
"Gloria in excelsis Deo" resounds from overhead;
Stupefied they marvel at such condescending Birth —
Earth now a part of Heaven, and Heaven now on earth.

But Bethlehem — famed for Wisdom, Seraphim and sheep
Overlooks Majestic Meekness apparently asleep;
Whose mighty tiny Fingertips rotate a million spheres,
He — Uncreated Architect of everlasting years!

Man entertains with lustful scorn his eternal King —
God a Babe? God a Man? Fanatic's crediting!
Give Him a stable for His Stronghold, cold manger for His Throne —
Let foolish ones and beasts adore their mighty Babe — alone!

Today's manger is the altar — white Host the swaddling clothes!
The wine His royal purple cloak — His sweetness to disclose!
Creature is Creator — in Divinest stratagem
At the consecrating moment of another Bethlehem!

— C. A. Bodden.



CHRISTMAS COLLOQUY

If the two men speaking here could really be brought together to discuss their points of view in the spirit of Christmas, "peace on earth" would not be an idle dream.

D. F. MILLER

Characters

George S. Capital, obviously a man of great means, who has not had a great deal of contact with workingmen, but who does like to think himself progressive. However, he has a firm belief in the merits of all but unlimited private enterprise, and he feels strongly that it is being endangered by labor's growing power and the Communism that he has been led to believe dominates the whole.

John A. Labor, a solid-looking ordinary American Citizen, who has not had much contact with capitalists. He has considerable ambition and "push," is trying to raise a family and give his children every opportunity, and is eager to do anything he can to better his state.

Scene: The two men meet in a dingy railroad station where they have had to change from a fast, luxurious, main-line train to board a small short-run connecting train for a village they are both trying to reach for Christmas, which is the following day. On entering the station, which is small and dingy but boasts a stove in which a good fire is burning, they learn from an ancient, crippled and deaf station master that they will have to wait two hours for their train. They are the only people in the station.

Cap: Well, here we are, stranded miles from nowhere. Might as well get acquainted. (*He holds out his hand.*) The name is Capital, George S. Capital.

Lab: (*Taking the hand.*) My name is Labor, John A. Labor.

Cap: (*His eyes narrowing for a moment.*) I guess we are the two people who are supposed to be pretty much at odds these days, aren't we?

Lab: Well, I never met you before, but in my circles I have heard a great many things about you—not all of them good, and I suppose you have heard a good deal about me.

Cap: I must admit I have. However, it is Christmas Eve. That, I believe, is called the season of peace. Suppose we call a truce while we happen to be stranded here alone, and discuss frankly whatever we have in our minds against one another. Trying to see each other's point of view, you know, and all that sort of thing.

Lab: Fair enough, as somebody who does quite a bit of talking against me entitles his column. Suppose you begin by telling me a few of the things that are in your mind.

Cap: All right, I'll start. I think that you are making a mistake, Mr. Labor, because by your current efforts and demands you are changing America from a land of opportunity, individual initiative and enterprise, to a land of regimentation where a man will no longer have a chance to get ahead, to be a success, to increase his income, because by hard work he has increased his contribution to Society. That, as I see it, is where you are cutting your own throat. You are setting up obstacles to progress in America as a whole, and to success for yourself as an individual.

Lab: May I ask how I am accomplishing all this?

Cap: By the excessive demands you make, when you get the power, on employers and owners. You dictate terms when you can get away with it, that make it impossible for a business to compete with other concerns that have some freedom left.

Lab: That is not exactly the truth. I know of no labor group that is not willing and even eager to sit down with management and ownership and discuss such difficulties. The truth is they are seldom given the chance. Yet Labor has a number of proposals designed to meet this very situation. That is behind its desire to unionize all the workers in the same industry, so that it can keep competition for low producing costs from giving an unfair advantage to the producer who can get by with paying unfair wages. That is behind the incentive system many unions have worked out which in practice has already increased volume and profits for many businesses whose owners and managers cooperated with it; and that is behind the much berated closed shop principle, which prevents employers from hiring many workers at low wage rates to make up for the higher wages they have to pay according to a union contract.

Cap: And right there is where freedom dies. If a man cannot hire out his services to an employer without paying dues to a union, then he is no longer free, just as the employer is deprived of his freedom if he cannot contract for such a man's services.

Lab: But we do not believe, and we have many top-ranking authorities to back us up, that it is an exercise of true freedom to be permitted to hire out your human services at a sub-human level of wages, and it is an abuse of freedom for an employer to demand the right so to hire men.

Cap: I'm not talking about sub-human wages. Suppose I want to hire a man for fifty dollars a week. Why should I be prevented from doing so, and why should he be kept out of that job because he doesn't want to belong to a union?

Lab: If every employer wanted only to hire men at fifty dollars a week or more and to keep them working at a wage anything like that, there never would have been a labor problem or a closed shop problem. But you know as well as I do that freedom to hire at his own terms has usually meant, to an employer, the right to hire at any figure — even twelve dollars a week if he could get men to work for it. And that is not the only thing. You may hire a man to work for fifty dollars a week today, but your idea of freedom would also mean the right to fire the man six months later when business is poor or you want to cut prices in competition. Then the poor devil has his freedom again, forcing him to hire himself out at twenty dollars a week perhaps, and to raise a family on it too. He can't eat his freedom, nor feed it to his children. The unions aim to protect a man from situations he cannot control; to see that he gets a living wage, and security with it — so that he doesn't *live* for half the year and *starve* the rest.

Cap: But you're forgetting how many men, with hard work and perseverance and the willingness to make sacrifices, have risen to the top from the ranks of labor. I did it myself. Others can do it too.

Lab: That is a glib fallacy that is not true either in principle or in fact — that every working man who wants to can get to the top, or even, by merely working hard and making sacrifices, continually raise his own standard of living. There are a few who have done it, like yourself, but it was not all hard

work and sacrifice. There were special talents God gave you, that the rank and file of men have not been given. There were special circumstances that entered into the rise of most men who succeeded in becoming wealthy, over which they had no control — it was their good fortune to run into those circumstances. There are millions of ordinary citizens who will never run into such circumstances. But they are human beings and have a right to live like human beings.

Cap: Ah, there's the rub. What is included in that right to live like human beings? What the unions have done is to make men want the world with a fence around it. They'd like to change places with the so-called capitalist without changing jobs or responsibilities.

Lab: Now you are talking through your hat. My name is Labor, and my middle name is American. I want a decent standard of living and security — that's all. My father didn't have it. He never made more than \$1,200 a year in his life. Oh, he lived on it all right, and he was happy because he was a good man and a religious man. But he never owned an automobile. He never was able to buy a refrigerator or a washing machine for my mother, or a vacuum cleaner to make her work a little easier. He never rode on a train and he never was able to get away for a vacation. Couldn't afford it. Was that a decent way of living?

Cap: But we've changed all that. There aren't many men who have to live like that today, except through their own fault.

Lab: There are plenty. But this is something that you don't have to take my word for. It has been estimated, by non-partisan, independent research scholars, that a family can live normally and decently on not less than \$1,900 a year. Have you any idea of what the average wage-earner was making pre-

vius to the war and will probably be earning again after the war?

Cap: Not quite \$1,900, I should imagine.

Lab: You would imagine right. It was about \$1,250, with far too many under that average figure.

Cap: Yes, but you're never going to get what you're looking for so long as you are run by a gang of Communists and racketeers. They are ruining you right now and are aiming to ruin us all. Yet you seem content to let them run your affairs.

Lab: Wait a minute. Let's look at that statement. I shall readily admit that Communists have got control of some unions, and I know they will never be content with \$1,900 a year or twice \$1,900 a year. I gladly admit that there are racketeers in the labor union set-up, men who are out to bleed not only capital but labor as well. But how many of your capitalist friends are doing anything to deprive them of every last bit of appeal they have for ordinary laboring men by trying to fill up that gap between a sub-standard wage of \$1,250 and a living wage, with security in a job, of \$1,900 a year?

Cap: There are some who have done it.

Lab: Right you are! There are some who have done it, and among the employees of such, Communism hasn't got a ghost of a show, and a racketeer trying to muscle in gets thrown out on his ear. It is the man who is living at a sub-human level who doesn't care who does the fighting for him, so long as somebody is fighting.

Cap: But there's a practical angle in the matter. I admit that every man should have a living wage. But if I were to try to raise everybody in my plant tomorrow to \$1,900 a year, I would be out of business in a month. Then hundreds more would be out of jobs.

Lab: There you have hit on one of the colossal snags in the whole problem. I agree with you a hundred per cent that as things are now, an all-out demand for such a drastic and sudden change would upset everything. But what I, and thousands like me, resent is the fact that you don't trust us enough to let us help work out a solution. You see a few Communists getting control of unions and making exorbitant demands and you put your foot down on all of us. You read of a few unprincipled racketeers in labor, bleeding their unions and enriching themselves, and you oppose us all as if we were all racketeers. Oh, I can understand your position. You feel that you can do better by labor than the Communists and racketeers. But I must call your attention to the fact that you have not done it in the past and you are not showing any desire to do it now. The racketeers and Communists, bad as they are — and I hate the whole kaboodle of them — have managed to get something for labor. But what have you done except oppose advancement because of the racketeers and Communists?

Cap: What do you think I should be doing?

Lab: Well, if you are sincere in wanting every workingman in America to have a living wage with security, you could do no better than to encourage widespread unionism so that when there is a question of some advance in wages toward the ideal, it isn't going to mean that you will have to compete with non-union plants and shops. And it's remarkable how a bit of good will and encouragement on the part of employers and owners takes the wind out of Communists and racketeers. They thrive on your opposition and hatred. It gives them a talking point for which there is no answer. Then, when you have shown yourself kindly-disposed,

take the union in your own shop into your confidence. This is a big step, and it takes a lot of humility, but it does wonders. If you sit down with the union chiefs and say: "Boys, here's the situation: Here's what we can afford to pay now. Let's see if we can figure out a way of increasing our production, cutting our costs, and gradually lifting your wage standard year by year." You'll be surprised at the cooperation you'll get and the things that can be done. But if you feel that you have a God-given right to settle everything yourself, to hold your men at bay, to quarrel with and oppose every suggestion a union makes, you open the way to the creation of labor czars and red rabble rousing that will give you no end of trouble.

Cap: It sounds easy. But I happen to know it doesn't work out that way. I know men who have tried it.

Lab: Well, besides being humble, you have to be patient. Confidence is not won at a single meeting. Racketeers can't be purged in a day or two. After all, laboring men have taken it on the chin for a long time. It takes time to clear out their suspicions and fears and anxieties and memories of bread lines and no jobs and starvation wages. But I've said my say. What would you say about my part in solving this problem?

Cap: You have given me a lot to think about. I guess the toughest thing of all you said is that fact about humility. A man who has built up a business hates like the dickens to have to share his control with others. But I can see your point and shall do some thinking about it.

Lab: But what about me? What should I do?

Cap: I think you know. But I'll tell you anyway. The biggest job you've got is to convince owners and managers that you are not going to be run by crooks

and cheaters and racketeers; that you are going to consider the problems of the capitalist and not demand violent changes all at once; that you won't stand for any use of your power in a union to approve of unfairness, shirking, inefficiency on the part of any of your members. In short, I think if

you could prove to any capitalist that all you want is to help him pay everybody a living wage and get on with his business, you'd be doing a grand thing for America.

Lab: So help me God, I'll try.

Cap: And I'll join you—for a Merry Christmas, and many more!

For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. MILLER

Problem: My marriage is a mixed marriage, but my husband is very much interested in my faith. He promised to join soon. He would right away if I asked him. Is that what I should do, or should I wait till he does it on his own?

Solution: There are two types of circumstances possible here. If, on the one hand, your husband is interested in your faith to the point where he recognizes its truth and necessity for all, then you should not hesitate to encourage him to take the necessary steps to become a Catholic. It is a matter of common experience that even after persons are convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith, they need encouragement and support from those they love to make their submission. A born Catholic can never fully realize how many things, seemingly unimportant, can act as barriers to this most important step, from a mere tendency to procrastinate to a very real fear of the hurt it may give to others who do not understand. A wife can surely lessen the period of procrastination, and probably minimize largely the fear of consequences by an act of gentle suggestion and prodding now and then. This, of course, should never take the form of nagging, nor of importunate pleading.

If however, your husband is interested in your faith solely because you are interested, and not because he knows anything about it, then your suggestions should be less direct and forthright, but even in that case you should even try to put him in the way of better knowledge of your religion, e.g., by leaving books and pamphlets around the house, or by suggesting now and then that he talk to a priest, or take instructions. Note especially that if a person as yet does not have any grasp of the truth of the Catholic faith, we should not ask him to become a Catholic for our sake, but we should ask him to look into the claims of the Church for our sake. The love of someone is not a good motive for becoming a Catholic; but it is an excellent motive for studying the Catholic religion. Once it is understood, most people want to belong to the Catholic religion for its own sake.

In general then, it can be concluded that it is not the right attitude to determine never to ask anyone to become a Catholic or to study the Catholic religion, if we are in a position to do so easily. The greatest charity in the world is to help someone find the truth.

MEXICAN ADVENT

The Mexican people have one of the most touching customs to be found anywhere in the world as a means of preparing for Christmas. It is called "Las Posadas" and is described here.

W. T. CULLEN

CHRISTMAS is coming and before Christmas come the *posadas* which the Mexican folk hold at this time each year bidding welcome to the holy pilgrims, Mary and Joseph, as they pass in the way seeking shelter for Christ to be born.

Posadas means a lodging, or place to spend the night, and for eight days before *Nochebuena*, the "good night," red lamps or candles are put in the windows at nightfall to light the steps of the holy pair who go by slow stages to Bethlehem. On each of these evenings in the churches the two pilgrims with their donkey are led through the aisles to the closed door of the sacristy where the *posadas* are sung, the words of which are something of a plea for shelter on the part of Joseph and of back-chat on the part of the householder within, this worthy refusing to loan his home for a lodging until he learns that his clients are Joseph and Mary when he softens wonderfully, changing his tune (literally) and bidding them welcome to his hearth and his heart. The doors are then thrown open and the pilgrims march in.

The *posadas* as held in most Mexican churches are somewhat along the following lines: the priest with a cross bearer and two server boys come before the altar where a prayer to the Holy Child is read. Then the people hear the *jornada* of the day, telling of what happens in that day's journey — of how Mary has brought a little bread and fruit, and Joseph the small bundle of clothes made ready for the Babe to be

born, of how they bear the heat and the rains by day and the cold by night, of how the donkey picks the smooth parts of the road, easing the journey for the burden he carries, of how the holy pair pass through places where later Christ works His wonders — the first day's stop at the Mount of Tabor, where He will show Himself in glory to the apostles; the second day at the city of Naim where He raises the widow's son; the third day through the fields of Samaria where the ten lepers beseech Him in after years to be healed; the fourth day at the well of Sichen where Our Lady kneels to wash the swaddling clothes: the fifth day at a spot called Necmas where they must shelter in a sheep-cot; the sixth day at that place in the road where twelve years later Mary first misses the Child Jesus Who stays behind in the temple; the seventh day at the city of Jerusalem where Mary passes those sites on which her Son will be made to suffer; the eighth day, at about four in the afternoon, the arrival at the town of Bethlehem where Joseph seeks in vain amongst friends and kinsmen for shelter until, being turned away also at the inn, they come wearily at last on the ninth day to the cave which Joseph cleans and garnishes and makes ready and where at midnight the Son of God is born.

AFTER the *jornada* four girls in white veils take up the platform with the figures of Mary and Joseph in broad brimmed pilgrim hats, staves in hand with little gourds attached for

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water against the journey (the tiny donkey that plods along between the holy pair looks for all the world like a Mexican burro) and with cross and candles to the fore, the people falling in behind, the girls and their burden, and lastly the priest bringing up the rear, the Pilgrims begin their march about the church, the choir in the meanwhile giving out with great gusto:

Coro:

*¡Viva, viva, Jesus, mi amor!
¡Viva, viva, mi Salvador! (bis)*

Verso:

*Oh, Jesus tiernicito,
¡Ejemplar de candor!
¡Oh, precioso hermanito,
Eres todo mi amor!*

Which can thus freely be done into English:

Chorus:

Jesus, our Saviour, Jesus, our Love,
Live Thou and reign in Thy glory
above;
Jesus, our Saviour, Jesus, our Love,
Live Thou and reign in Thy glory
above.

Verse:

O Thou good Jesus so tender,
Guileless and loving Thou art,
Jesus, sweet infant and brother,
Be the full love of my heart.
And the second verse:

Verso:

*Al mirar extasiado
Tu infantil sonreír,
¡Oh Jesus adorado,
Ya me es dulce morir!*

Or:

Here I behold Thee enraptured,
Smiling in innocent glee,
O Thou adorable Jesus,
Death could find solace in Thee.

And so on through any number of verses until the round of the church has been made (someone has said that a Mexican hymn is much like an Irish song in that it begins anywhere or quits anytime and still makes sense) and after the journey is finished and the people return again to the pews, the four girls with their pilgrims stand in the sanctuary singing before the vestry door to ask *posadas* while the chorus on the inside answers through the closed door saying that the plea is useless and kindly to go away because the household within is locked up and tucked away for the night.

The parley that goes on here between Saint Joseph and the householder has a somewhat shortened form suited to the evening services, of which (for those friendly to the Spanish tongue) we give both the Spanish verse and offer more or less the same in English.

SAINTE JOSEPH on the outside, in the person of the four young ladies, sings to the music of the old melody:

Fuera:

*En nombre del cielo
Os pido posada,
Pues no puede andar
Mi esposa amada.*

But the householder is hard-hearted:

Dentro:

*Aquí no es mesón,
Sigan adelante:
Yo no puedo abrir,
No sea algún tunante.*

Outside:

In Heaven's sweet name
I ask of you shelter,
For my loved spouse
Can fare now no further.

Within:

This house is no hostel,
Begone on your journey,
And pray do not idle,
I cannot give entry.

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Saint Joseph asks again:

Fuera:

*No seas inhumano,
Ténmos caridad,
Que el Dios de los cielos
Te lo premiár.*

The man on the inside will have none of it:

Dentro:

*Ya se pueden ir
Y no molestar,
Porque si me enfado
Los voy a apalear.*

The pilgrims plead that they are travel worn:

Fuera:

*Venimos rendidos
Desde Nazareth,
Yo soy carpintero
De nombre José.*

But the householder is not touched:

Dentro:

*No me importa el nombre
Dejenme dormir,
Pues que ya les digo
Que no hemos de abrir.*

Saint Joseph then begs for the sake of the Blessed Virgin:

Fuera:

*Posada te pide,
Amado casero,
Por sólo una noche,
La Reina del Cielo.*

The man does not believe this:

Dentro:

*Pues si es una Reina
Quien lo solicita,
¿Cómo es que de noche,
Anda tan solita?*

To which Saint Joseph makes answer:

Fuera:

*Mi esposa es María
Es reina del Cielo,
Y madre va a ser
Del Divino Verbo.*

And that changes matters altogether:

Dentro:

*¿Eres tú José?
Tu esposa es María?
Entren, peregrinos,
No los conocía.*

Outside:

Do not be unfeeling,
But pity our weakness,
The great God of Heaven
Repay you this goodness.

Within:

Ye can get you gone
And no more entreat me,
For if I grow angry
In truth, I shall beat ye.

Outside:

We come faint and weary
The long road from Nazareth,
I am a poor workman
By people called Joseph.

Within:

The name is no matter
Now leave me to slumbering,
It is as I tell you,
We have no cause for opening.

Outside:

Ah, pray now, dear goodman,
My spouse seeks a haven,
For but this one night alone,
The great Queen of Heaven.

Within:

Well, if she is a queen
Who is asking this boon,
How thus then at night
Does she wander alone?

Outside:

My spouse is called Mary,
Of Heaven the mistress,
And mother she is to be
Of God's Word become flesh.

Within:

Art thou truly Joseph?
Is Mary thy spouse?
I knew ye not, pilgrims,
Come, enter my house.

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While the householder is making ready to open the doors:

Fuera:

*Dios pague, señores,
Vuestra caridad,
Y así os colme el cielo
De felicidad.*

Outside:

God bless you, good sirs,
For this noble kindness,
And Heaven o'erfill you
With every happiness.

And the folk on the inside seem as delighted now as they were surly before:

Dentro:

*¡Dichosa la casa
Que abriga este día
A la Virgen pura,
La hermosa María.*

Within:

Oh, happy the dwelling
Which has 'neath the roof-tree
This day the pure maiden,
The fair Virgin Mary.

And with this the door is opened showing the singers within who prove to be none other than the choir which has come down from the organ loft and gone around through a side door to take on the role of the householder in the sacristy, and since this latter is now but too happy to have the holy pair under his roof, all join in a song of welcome that carries away to a happy ending while Mary, Joseph, the donkey, and bearers, all move on into the vestry and out of sight, and everybody (who knows the words) sings with a will: *Entren, santos peregrinos*, which can be rendered thus:

AL ABRIR LAS PUERTAS

*Entren, santos peregrinos,
Reciban este rincón,
No de esta pobre morada,
Sino de mi corazón.*

*Esta noche es de alegría,
De gusto y de regocijo,
Porque hospedamos aquí
A la Madre de Dios Hijo.*

Then prayers are said — a quaint act of sorrow for sin to the Child Jesus; nine Ave Marias and after each the words: Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul; and then the last hymn of the pilgrims in honor of the Holy Family:

*Humildes peregrinos,
Jesus, María, José,
Mi alma os doy con ellos,
Mi corazón también.*

*¡Oh, peregrina agraciada!
¡Oh, dulcísima María!
Os ofrezco el alma mía
Para que tengáis posada.*

Herewith end the posadas, though Benediction often follows.

ON OPENING THE DOORS

Enter now, ye holy pilgrims,
Rest ye here beside the hearth;
Welcome be to this poor dwelling,
And to the portals of my heart.

This is a night of joy and gladness,
Pleasure and rejoicing fond,
For the Mother here we shelter
Of God's sole begotten Son.

With these poor pilgrims lowly,
Ye blessed ones behold,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
I give ye heart and soul.

Hail, pilgrim ever full of grace,
Hail, Mary, ever blest,
I offer my poor soul to thee
That here thou shalt find rest.

AND thus, for our neighbors to south, the nine days before Christmas are made into a kind of novena with prayers and services to prepare for the birth of the Saviour — surely a praiseworthy custom and one

strictly Mexican in its beginnings (at least so say the Mexican writers who deal with the matter) though today found also in parts of Spain, brought there no doubt by some poor exile far from the motherland, homesick and longing for the ways of his *querido Mexico*.

Time was, however, when the custom was not quite the same nor yet altogether praiseworthy, for lavish *posadas* were held in private homes, parties and fiestas and dances following after and reaching such limits that in 1808 the archbishop of Mexico called a halt to these affairs, giving orders that *posadas* thereafter be held only in the churches.

And yet through the years in Mexico, after the closing of the churches and the laws forbidding open worship, the *posadas* became again very much of a family affair, though the excesses have long since died away and the fun which follows is much of the same kind as our Christmas merriment, for on Christmas eve, after the hymns and prayers of the *posadas* and the little procession with the holy pilgrims, the whole household, children and adults, gather to break the *piñata* — a doll or figure of paper, sometimes in the guise of King Herod, stuffed with candy, fruit, and trinkets, and fastened to the ceiling, each person being blindfolded in turn and given a chance to hit the *piñata* and thus scatter the gifts on the ground, a practice akin to hanging up

the Christmas stocking in northern lands and a shade more innocent than the gin and cocktail parties which often usher in our own enlightened holiday season.

Nowadays there is a growing custom even in parts of Mexico and in all of the southwestern States to hold the *posadas* as strictly a church service — a novena of Christmas — and the *piñata*, when there is one, as something apart in the home, at any time between Christmas eve and the Three Wise Kings (Epiphany).

ONE should hear the singing of the *posadas* to understand and feel the meaning, plain and without flourish though the tunes may be, yet with a touching strain suited to the patient pleading of Joseph and the humble joy of the pilgrims. And though custom may vary the order from place to place — in some parishes everyone sallying forth from the church each night to ask *posadas* at one or the other home, the whole village marching through the streets before the holy pilgrims, in others everything held inside the church, though with longer hymns and more features added than those mentioned here, still the music and services remain much the same as handed down through the years — a pleasing though plaintive reminder of the near coming of the Christ Child, a simple readying of the heart for the blessed feast of Christmas.

Gems of Description Department

If you've never been stirred to the heights of poetic fancy, we can hasten that urge by a sure suggestion. For our good, healthy steaks, only the finest prime red beef is brought through the hallowed portals of our kitchen, where it is skilfully and artfully broiled until it is as tender as a love song. Here indeed is a dish to be contemplated with reverence and consumed with admiration. — *From a Milwaukee restaurant menu.*

THE PADRE OF JIMTOWN

A lesson in slum clearance, and how little it takes to transform what seems to be hopelessly bad.

F. L. VICKSTROM

"JIMTOWN" is a colorful name. "Jimtown" is a colorful place. You have never heard of "Jimtown"? Why, it is almost as close to Los Angeles on the east as Hollywood is on the west. A romantic town, like a tiny part of old Mexico, transplanted to the fertile plains by the San Gabriel River. A town settled solely by soft-spoken Mexicans. A town which at first sight takes you right out of this world and at the second puts you more than ever in it.

Would you care to hear how "Jimtown" got its name? How it was at one time a very bad place? And how it has become, especially since Padre Bernardo arrived, a very good place, indeed? Then, my friend, *mi amigo*, let us on with the story. . . .

First came the Padres to enrich California with its treasured Missions and to travel a trail which became a highway, *El Camino Real*, the King's Highway. Then came Don Pio Pico to build his Ranchito beside *El Camino Real* near the San Gabriel River. Now Don Pio Pico was the last Mexican Governor of California and a very great man. And the governor's wife, Donna Pico, was a remarkable woman and very pious. She had a chapel erected nearby to which the Mexicans of the locality could come to worship God in the manner of their forefathers. But not all were so pious as Donna Pico. And last of all came a man whose front name was Jim. Jim secured a piece of land near the Chapel and opened a *Cantina*, which is so much like a saloon that you would not know the difference.

Jim was a remarkable fellow. His *Cantina* fared very well. He became a power politically, socially and financially. And since the locality had no particular name, Jim's large following of "soakers" began calling it "Jimstown." All this the historian of the time very verbosely verifies when he says: "The name fit so well that shortly the letter 's' was dropped; no event, no effort has ever been sufficient to obliterate, annul, tempt, modify or impress the human mind with a cognomen, syllable or compounded multiple thereof with a name that could be woven into, nailed across or plastered over *Jimtown*." And that, *mi amigo*, is how Jimtown got its name. *Muy interesante, no es verdad?*

IT WAS in the latter part of the past century that Jimtown received its name and its reputation. And its reputation was by no means a savory one. *El Camino Real* was much traveled. Roving bands of Gypsies and citizens of the less desirable class quickly picked Jimtown as a place to their liking. There was a Chapel for the women, a saloon for the men, and the San Gabriel River provided water and fresh forage for the horses. Thieves, gamblers, drunkards, ne'er-do-wells of all sorts found sanctuary in the confusion of tents and shacks which made up the notorious town of Jim the saloon-keeper. In its early days Jimtown saw more than its share of horse-thieves, kidnapers, and common criminals. Marihuana and strong drink did not mix with dice and *dinero*, and so

knives and guns were drawn. Sometimes people were hurt, and sometimes people were killed, too. All of which was very unfortunate for the people concerned and very bad for the reputation of Jintown.

Time moves on even if one does little else but sit in the shade of a pepper tree while a blazing sun drags a reluctant day through a bright blue sky. Jintown changed with time. Gone were the tents and the Gypsies. Many of the shacks remained, true, but now, at least, they were painted shacks! Most of the eight hundred inhabitants were part of a permanent population. Law and order had stepped in and had been enforced rigorously at times. There had been some missionary activity, too. A good many of the babies who lived through infancy were baptized. A fair number of the parents, too, had themselves rightly married before a priest of their own faith. But Jintown needed a Padre of its own.

Jintown got a Padre of its own. There came the day when Padre Bernardo stood for the first time at the entrance to Jintown. Mingled emotions filled his heart. Here was Jintown, his town, a place lately risen from license and lawlessness, where people were poor materially and were largely neglectful and neglected spiritually. He knew that from Jintown came some of the rough element who wore "zoot-suits" and were known as *Pachucos*. He had heard, too, of the recent murder and its thirteen very bad consequences. For the murdered man was the father of thirteen children, and each one had been made an orphan by his untimely death.

As the Padre made his way down the narrow main street, his feelings of insecurity were by no means made more bearable by the sight of the police patrol-car parked by the side of the road giving apparent testimony that

unpleasant things happened here. From the sanctuary of the rough-finished, green-painted cottages on both sides of the street, inscrutable faces peered out at the Padre as he passed. The Padre looked to right and left. The initial impression of his new flock was not too good. But then it was not too good a day. It was cloudy for one thing, which is not at all like California. And the cool wind seemed to have chased inside all the bright, clean children and to have left outside only those with dirty faces and scraggly hair. Most of the goats seemed to have made their way into the front yards that day. Cows had occupied every grassy vacant lot. Chickens foraged far and wide. Every other yard disgorged an ugly yellow dog.

The Padre stopped to speak with a group of small children. He was not amazed, as the usual American is, that in a Mexican town even the children speak Spanish. But that day he found the children very shy. They averted their eyes; they answered in monosyllables or not at all. They did not warm to the Padre. This made the Padre feel very bad, because he loved children. He made his way to the next corner where a group of young men were rolling dice on the porch of an abandoned store. The Padre smiled genially, greeted the group warmly. No one smiled in return, no one spoke. The dicing went on. The Padre walked sadly away. As he walked the rutted, dusty lanes which passed for streets, he nodded to the right and to the left — "*Buenas tardes, Señor.*" "*Buenas tardes Señora.*" Seldom was the salute returned.

PADRE Bernardo did not scare easily. He did not discourage easily. He did not know the meaning of the word "defeat" at all. Mentally he made an inventory of the liabilities and assets

of Jimtown. Poverty was apparent. The homes were small, some of them unpainted, some of them little more than shacks. Often two rooms housed a family of six or more. The water system was not perfect. Sometimes the water taps gave out only a thin trickle. Not all the plumbing was modern. Electricity there was; but no street lights. Roads there were, stretches of ruts and holes in the dry season, a sad series of muddy puddles in the rainy season. What wonders, the Padre thought, could be wrought here with paved streets, lighted intersections, and a housing project.

The Padre summed up the advantages of Jimtown, too. He found them promising. And so, his zeal fortified by friends both in Heaven and on earth, he went to work. Day after day he trod the dusty, rutted roads, until his work-stained cassock and broad-brimmed Panama were sights familiar to everybody. Before long the smaller children were tagging at his heels, tugging at his long rosary, climbing into his arms. They jabbered back and forth in outlandish Spanish. They told him of a mother who was sick, of a father who was drunk, of a baby who was dying. They led him into tiny homes to meet a beloved old grandmother, an unfortunate crippled brother, a mother who made delicious *tacos* and *tamales*. The Padre needed no advertising. Word went around swiftly. He was kind to their children, gave them candy, holy cards, told them wonderful stories about Jesus. He was solicitous for their sick, visited the ailing in the homes and hospitals, brought Holy Communion to those who were old and bedridden. He enjoyed their native dishes, sang their national songs, made himself at home with each and all. The Padre was becoming a part of Jimtown.

There was a hall in the center of

Jimtown, a hall owned by a refined Señora from Mexico. Would the Padre like the use of the hall and its adjoining small rooms in order to gather the children and to teach them the *doctrina*? Ah, yes, the Padre would like it very much. The word spread like wildfire: "The Padre is going to start a *doctrina*, and the Padre will bring the good Sisters to teach religion to the *muchachos y muchachas*." How the little ones responded, more and more each week until they filled the rooms to overflowing. There were lessons, yes, and prayers and stories of Jesus and His Mother and the Saints. And that was good. And sometimes there were games with prizes, and candy, and huge sacks of peanuts. That was fun. And always before they went home the Padre would teach them some new song, in Spanish or Latin or English. They learned many songs, and sang them very well. The Padre was planning for a future day, and he listened carefully to the voices.

THE old chapel of Donna Pico had long since been gone from Jimtown. Many people did not marry right, and many people did not worship God on Sundays as they should. What would the Padre do about that? The Padre had the answer. There was much typing in his room for a day or two. Then there were many meetings with some boys who called themselves "altar boys" and more meetings with a group of children who called themselves a "choir." Finally one day there appeared signs in all the conspicuous places of the town, signs which proclaimed in elegant Spanish that Jimtown was to have a Mass every Sunday—beginning with an outdoor Mass and procession on Palm Sunday! Here was news, indeed! The air buzzed with Spanish speculation. Should they go to the Mass? Perhaps the Padre

wondered, too, but he was too busy to worry. He left the worries to the ones who claimed it could not be done. For, on that golden Palm Sunday morning, a great crowd gathered for the Mass, a crowd which marveled to see Jimtown boys gravely and correctly serving the priest at the altar and Jimtown children skillfully singing and answering the chants of the priest. Many eyes were filled with tears as they looked upon the blessed Palms. And Jimtown, like Jerusalem of old, marveled as a long procession wound through its streets, a procession which carried the peaceful palm-branches of Christ the King!

Easter Sunday found another fine crowd at the Padre's outdoor Mass. 'Tis true a few yellow dogs roamed through the grave-faced, kneeling audience, and once a *muchachita* invaded the invisible lines of the "sanctuary" in order to wave back to her little friends in the congregation. But what is that? The Lord loves all His creatures. The Padre did not mind. However, the refined Señora from Mexico was a generous woman. She thought the Holy Mass should have the protection of a roof and walls. She came to the Padre once more, and this time she offered her hall as a permanent chapel for the use of the Padre and the people of Jimtown. How happy the Padre was! More work, yes. But what is work when one deals with souls made in the image and likeness of God?

There was much hammering and nailing in the hall of the Señora, and then much sweeping and cleaning. Like magic there appeared an altar and kneeling benches. From somewhere the Padre managed to acquire an organ, a lovely statue, and then the grand picture of the Lady of Guadalupe to hang with crimson drapes above the altar.

The hall of the Señora was now the chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe!

The people were warming to the Padre. They were very pleased. But the Padre had further plans. The chapel was filled on Sunday morning, true, but there must be fuller religious life. Why not evening devotions, several times a week at least? Again there were those who thought the Padre had done enough. Rome had not been built in a day. Perhaps the people would not come. Perhaps they would be spoiled by the Padre's over-zealous ministrations. The Padre listened gravely to all advice and objections. And when he heard all, he went back not to worry, but to work. Willing minds and willing hands lent assistance. There were more long sessions with newly-made altar boys; more hours of practice with a newly formed choir; long, patient lessons with a budding organist. There was typing and printing and binding of little books. And then one Sunday evening the unharmonious hammering of a pipe on a brake-drum summoned the good people of Jimtown to the Chapel. At each place lay a little book which the Padre had made. In each book were morning prayers, Mass prayers, night prayers and many lovely Latin and Spanish hymns. Jimtown eyes watched incense wafted to the Blessed Sacrament from a golden censer, Jimtown ears heard the sweet singing of the *O Salutaris*, Jimtown lips responded to the Padre as he led in the rosary and night prayers, and Jimtown hearts went home thrilled and blessed with the Benediction of their Eucharistic Lord! The Padre knew now that all was well, for God was with them.

NO LONGER did the Padre walk the streets lonely and alone. His advent now brought forth a small army of children. More and more doors

opened to admit the Padre. The gangs at the street corners greeted the Padre as he passed and invited him into their games. These boys had never set foot inside the new chapel. But the Padre said nothing of this. Instead he brought ball and bat and started a ball game. The Padre played, too, and played well. The boys grew to look for him. What a pity, though, that such fine boys who played ball so well should not have a real team. But, perhaps, they did not want to stand up against the stiff competition of a League. Not good enough to have a team, not brave enough to play in the League! Was the Padre mad? And so the "bad boys" of Jimtown became the Guadalupe ball team. With the Padre as coach and manager, with an amazing repertoire of Spanish baseball jargon, they brought both color and class to the crowds at the ball park, and they came ever, ever so close to winning the championship for Our Lady of Guadalupe!

The Padre got to know his boys very well. He took them to the games. He treated them. They treated him. If a boy boxed or wrestled or appeared in

a play, the Padre was there to see and to hear. What a pity, though, that such talented boys should not have a club of their own where they could make plans for future teams, where they could dance and sing, play the violin and the guitar and have such a good time. And so was born the "Club Guadalupano." But how could Catholic boys belong to Our Lady of Guadalupe if they would steal and fight and not go to church on Sunday? No, such a thing would not make sense. Now, if the Padre could do so much for the boys, certainly the boys could do a few, little, easy things for him. Could this be the reason why so many new faces are seen in the Padre's Chapel on Sunday morning?

DO YOU tire of the story of Jimtown, *amigo*? There is no great thing to tell. The streets are still very bad, the houses still seem to tumble down, the people are yet very poor. But there is a Padre in Jimtown now. And Jimtown is very, very happy. And happiness, *mi amigo*, is a very lovely thing. *Adios, amigo. Gracias por su atencion.*



Basic English

Deep in darkest Africa where the Allies have built airports in recent years as emergency landing fields on the route from South America to the Middle East, an army lieutenant newly arrived from overseas made quick friends with an aged native.

Trying to give the Negro a lesson in basic English, the airman pointed to another native and said, "Man."

The African repeated after him, "Man."

Pleased, the American pointed to a tree and said, "Tree."

"Tree," the native echoed.

Then a plane flew overhead and the aviator excitedly said, "What?"

The native looked into the sky and said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a B-24, but it might be a B-29."—*Negro Digest.*

Three Minute Instruction

On the Whole Christ

Christmas is not worth celebrating unless it implies the acceptance, not of a part of Christ, nor of a divided Christ, but of the whole Christ as He actually came and gave Himself to the world. Accepting the whole Christ means believing the following three truths without reservation, disagreement or disavowal:

1. *Christ is truly divine.* This does not mean that He is God-like, or a great child of God, or divinely inspired only; it means that He is actually God. A survey of students for the Protestant "Christian" ministry recently revealed that more than half of them did not believe that Christ was truly divine. If He is not divine, then it is impossible to prove or believe, with a logical mind, that He is a great teacher, or a great leader, or "the greatest man who ever lived," as these students of the Gospel would no doubt contend. No one is a great teacher or a great man who is a great liar. If Christ is not God, as His record, His words, His teaching and His resurrection prove, then they who deny His divinity are making Him out to be the greatest liar in history. Under that condition it is hard to see how anyone can want Him as a leader, or see any point in celebrating Christmas.

2. *Christ must be believed in all that He says and teaches.* The sincere man and true Christian does not want only a part of Christ's teaching; he wants all of it. He does not want the Christ who promises heaven while he rejects the Christ who warns against hell. He does not believe himself justified in accepting the Christ who preaches the glory of marriage, while turning His back on the Christ who preaches the evil of divorce and remarriage. He is not content with wanting the baptism that Christ made indispensable for salvation, while he hates and denies the sacrament of confession which Christ made necessary for the salvation of those who have sinned. To the sincere mind, it is the whole teaching of Christ, or none of it that matters.

3. *Christ is one with the one Church He founded.* Christ and His Church are not two different teachers of mankind; they are one and the same. He made that clear: "He that heareth you, heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me. . . . Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. . . . Go and teach all nations; he that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." To eliminate the Church that Christ founded through these words and many others from one's belief in Christ is to divide Christ into parts, to take what is pleasant and to reject the rest.

Christmas has a glorious meaning and great joy only for those who accept the whole Christ, in His proven divinity, in all His teachings, and in the Church that is inseparable from Him. Anything less than that would hardly make the celebration of Christmas worthwhile.

AN ARMY ON THE MOVE

Censorship forbids telling the whither of troop movements. But it does not forbid the "how." Here is a description, by a chaplain who has participated in many such, showing the results of the training that American soldiers receive.

E. F. MILLER

IN THE early days of our country, there was made famous by our intrepid and hardy forbears a means of travel, unique yet practical, slow yet certain. It was the method and the means of the covered wagon. The hot sands of the desert, the high and snow-clad reaches of the mountains, the tangled forests, could not and did not stop the steady grinding of the wheels. Babies were born and old folks died and Indians attacked; but always at last the destination of the Golden West was reached by some and journey's end had come.

Much progress has been made and noted since those frontier days. Covered wagons are now pieces for museums. One can cross the entire country now in luxurious stream-lined trains in the time it would have taken a caravan to go from Denver to the other side of the first range of mountains; or in an airplane in the time it would have taken a covered wagon to go from Chicago to Milwaukee. Nor are we sorry for the passage of the earlier slow and ponderous method of getting from one place to another.

However, we of the present day are of the blood of the pioneers. While we may deprecate and smile at what they considered so eminently sound and advanced, we are quick to fall into the very same practices that they had established. It took the war to bring out the validity of our heritage, our relationship to our forefathers. It took the war to draw from our bones, from our very being the long-lost art of caravan-travel.

The caravan in the Army is called a convoy, and while the system of travel as practiced by ancient Americans has taken on a great deal of glamor and romance through moving pictures and magazine stories, this same system as practiced by modern Americans, dressed in the khaki of the soldier, has lost much of the sheen and the shine, and has become in the minds of thousands of young men no more than what it actually is—a rugged means of going from one place to another in the quickest and most efficient way.

IT IS odd to behold an American unit pull up stakes, as they say, almost before you can wink your eye. One moment a vast and well-ordered camp stretches out before you, containing in itself nearly everything that is necessary for the health and happiness of the men who make it up. There is the medical department, surgical and dental, ready to handle on instant notice any emergency that may arise. There are the kitchens with their stocks of food, their standardized ranges, their inevitable three great cans of boiling water for the sterilizing of the mess gear. There is the personnel section with all its files and records, typewriters and field desks. There is Supply with its clothing, its shoes, its infinite array of items, large and small, that are needed by civilized soldiers. And finally there are the lines and lines of tents, each one in perfect alignment with its neighbor, each one with its bags, its guns, its personnel equipment of the soldiers sleeping there.

Of a sudden comes March Order. Very little has to be said. There does not appear the excited bustle that one associates, or would associate with the dismantling of a city. But quickly there dissolves before the eye a city — everything, so that not one stick remains that had not been there before the arrival of the soldiers. A city dissolves and folds itself in the tiny confines of modern covered wagons, — the medics, the kitchens, the supply, the soldiers. And when everything is down and packed away, and the steel-capped men, rifle in hand, are seated in their places in the vehicles, a last detail is sent over the area, with the owner of the place in tow, to be sure that everything is properly policed and that no traces of the military occupation remain behind. Truly, no traces do remain behind. The area is cleaner now than it was before, and the owner thanks the Americans for their caution and their care in not destroying crops and vineyards that are necessary for the people. For that slight compliment he is showered with cigarettes (which if sold would bring a hundred francs a package), candy and chewing gum; and then the detail climbs onto its appointed place, and the convoy is ready to take off.

Parting is ever sweet sorrow; nor is the parting of soldiers from their friends an exception. There is always the group of small boys who become, as it were, mascots of the soldiers; there are always the pretty young ladies who, attired in their brightly-colored dresses, walk a little slower, or even pause to talk to the men on the guns, as they make their way to Church or the market or wherever young ladies go on sunlit mornings and rainy afternoons. And there are the old people who hover near and smile and nod as they note the care-free attitude of these boys from across the sea. Some of all these are

present as the convoy makes ready to roll. In a little group they stand, looking somewhat sad and alone, and now unprotected. Behind them are their fields and forests and farther still the sky; and in between their stone houses. That is all. There are not lacking tears and many good wishes and the hope expressed that the young men will come back to visit their friends *apres la guerre*. With that the sign is given, and the convoy begins to move.

It is a magnificent sight. Huge trucks, hauling ominous looking guns, rumble along in the midst of tiny jeeps, water cars, tent carriers and wrecking cars. Each vehicle keeps its appointed distance from the one in front, and each maintains the same rate of speed. Nor is that rate too leisurely. The convoy roars along like an unending train, its coaches held together with invisible links that cannot be severed. At the end of the whole procession is the maintenance truck, which is a completely supplied work shop. Should any vehicle have trouble, this work shop eventually catches up with it and repairs the difficulty on the spot. Meanwhile the convoy moves on. But it is not long until the roar of a motor is heard; and there flashes by the now-repaired car, looking for its place in the line.

SOMETIMES newly-taken towns are passed through, and the people are on the streets to watch, as we when children used to be on the streets when the circus came to town. Only now it is different. The people do not come out to see the procession merely to be entertained, but to greet the soldiers as the liberators of their homes. Unabashed they weep, and unashamed they rush out into the streets and throw their arms around the necks of the young Americans and kiss them as they would their long lost brothers, sons or sweet-

hearts. They drop bottles of wine, baskets of grapes — indeed, whatever they have into the passing vehicles, while little boys and girls run alongside, not asking for candy or chewing gum, but only smiling and waving and wearing that look of hero-admiration that all children have for those whom they have built up in their imagination as worthy of their worship. If the convoy stops to give the men ten, as Army talk puts it, doors of homes are immediately thrown open, and madame scurries about throwing together a few eggs (which in Italy cost twenty lire apiece), cutting up a loaf of black bread and simply turning over the house to the honored visitors, not forgetting the hair-raising eau de vie, or kirsch which seems to be a delicacy in all the country. The soldiers know very little French; but that makes no difference. In some mysterious way, they manage to carry on a conversation, for this one knows a bit of Italian and that one can talk some German and a third studied Spanish in school. Between them all they get on very well, and establish in the ten or fifteen minutes given to them another friendship that shall long be held in the memory of the civilians who were part of it.

Again the signal is given to wind them up. Motors start, soldiers mount, farewells are said. It is raining now, and a bitter wind is blowing across the highway from the mountains. But the wind and the rain will not stop the progress of the convoy. The soldiers break out their raincoats and pull their steel helmets further down their heads and slump down in their places, silent and still. If they are comparatively new overseas, perhaps they will sing a bit. But if they have been gone from their homes a couple of years, they will for the most part remain silent — lost in

their thoughts and memories. Experience tells them what they are going into — mud that will seem unending in extent, rain that will never stop, bullets and shells that will have no regard for inconvenience and time. This journey is not to them just another sight-seeing trip through the beautiful fields and hills and wooded slopes of la belle France. It is a journey with a destination; and that destination is merely one more place of all that went before in Africa and in Italy. It is all of the same pattern, and that pattern is war. They know this and they dread it. But mingling with such sober thoughts is the picture of the baby they have never seen, of the girl whom they made their wife, of an old mother and father waiting for their son's return. That is why they are silent. They have much to think about, much to contemplate in the mirror of their memory.

AND so the convoy rolls on, through the day and through the night. And eventually it arrives at its appointed place. Again the miracle takes place. If the area is one in the combat zone, the soldiers and their equipment are dug into the ground almost before you know it. The vehicles are put away and camouflaged. And unless you literally stumbled on a gun, you would not know it was there.

Thus, there is not much difference between our covered-wagon forebears, and our convoy moderns. The only difference lies in the motive. The ancients travelled to build; the moderns travel to destroy. But perhaps in the very destruction of the moderns, construction shall be born. *Ex malo, bonum!* It must be so. The sacrifices and hardships of the soldiers must not, cannot be in vain!

Thought for the Shut-in

L. F. HYLAND

ON LOVE AND CHRISTMAS

At Christmas the shut-in should be especially grateful for the fact that there is love in the world, brought by Christ, that is not selfish, greedy, nor dependent on what can be gained from it. There is love in the world, since Christ came and wherever He dwells, that is single-minded, selfless and holy. It is the kind of love that is responsible for most of the happiness in the world.

There are examples of it all around in the world. There is the love of those who give up their homes, their ambitions, their natural human instincts, to be able to work unstintingly for others, as priests, teachers, nurses, or simply intercessors for the rest of the world. There is the love of good husbands and wives for one another, who are willing to bear any burden, to endure any sacrifice, to give up any desire, for the happiness of one another. There is the love of good fathers and mothers, who have renounced every dream of their own to help their children fulfill their youthful dreams. There is the love of friend for friend, who never consult their own wishes nor seek their own advancement, but almost literally lay down their lives for one another.

But perhaps the outstanding example of this unselfish love is that which embraces shut-ins, and binds shut-ins themselves together, and which shut-ins are able to bestow on others. One almost believes that God has established the state of shut-ins that through them the world may be given the most beautiful example of unselfish love. The mother fondling her crippled babe, the husband in constant attendance on his invalid wife, the well person spending his spare time in visiting the sick, are all examples of love's power and beauty that keep faith in humanity alive.

And it all came through the birth of Christ in a stable. Instead of coming to earth to find or obtain something, He came to love and to give. Instead of bettering His lot through love, He renounced and lost the supreme comfort and inconceivable luxuries of heaven. He exchanged the latter for a stable and love; for a poor man's life and love; for a hunted existence and a cruel death—and love. The circumstances of life did not matter, so long as there was love.

So the shut-in can be content if he recognizes the power and beauty of love alone. If only He can win love and exercise love, it will not matter that he cannot walk, that he cannot work, that he has nothing material to give. If he can add one jot of love to the world's experience, he will have added immeasurably to the happiness of the world.

PIGSKIN PAGEANT

The Greeks had no name for it, but they played it, after a fashion. So did the Romans. This is the story of football through the ages.

W. J. LOCKMAN

ALL America knows that little Abner Doubleday was the ancient parent of the National Pastime. Baseball has had its publicity men; people know the sport originated in a sandlot of America. But where in the world did football spring from? In one form or another, oftentimes in inhuman form, football existed the world over. The Eskimos played the game, so did the South Sea Islanders, and the old Teutons too.

And now Americans are shoving each other around the football field — just like the ancient Grecian heroes away back when. The Greeks kicked the ball around, and the Romans, jealous as usual, imported the game to their shores. Yes, in the days when Homer and Xenophon and many other wise chaps were writing tales that are the cause of many modern headaches, other brawny individuals indulged in the sport. Posterity knows none of their names, for football was not then an important adjunct of education.

History tells us that the Greeks and Romans propelled an inflated bladder around by means of the pedal extremities. Today from Fordham to Santa Clara our own Goliaths of the gridiron are doing the same thing with their little pigskin. Basil Kennett, in his *Romae Antiquae Notitia*, tells us about this ball and also of another means of getting it down the field. He says that the Roman football was a "larger kind of ball, which they played with, dividing into two companies striving to throw it into one another's goals, with a con-

quering cast." Looks like the modern forward pass is just history repeating itself!

The way the Greeks played the game was rather marrowless — or so thought the Roman Emperor Augustus. Some twenty odd years before the birth of Christ the said emperor thought the game soft; so soft, he had the rules revised for the benefit of his army. Soldiers can't be hardened in a child's game and that is what the Greeks played.

WHEN the Romans conquered Great Britain, they brought the game with them. They must have brought the revised rules too because at least three English kings honored the game by forbidding it to be played. Ed III (a good thousand years after the birth of the game) and later Richard II became worried because archery was on the way out while football was on the way in. So they made it a crime to play football. In this way (so they thought) the young gallants would again take to the bow. Another crownholder, James I, not worrying about bows and arrows, objected, as do many modern grandstand quarter-backs, that the game was much too rough. He wrote that it was "meeter for laming than the making able the users thereof." Powerful language in his day!

Kings denounced it, true, but some of the ordinary people also shared the distinction. Near the tail-end of the sixteenth century a person by the name of Philip Stubbes published a book, *Anat-*

omie of Abuses, in which in a paragraph of colorful rhetoric he gave football a harsh tongue-lashing. "As concerning foote-balle," he wrote, "I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendlie kind of fight than a play or recreation, a bloody and murthering practice than a sport or pastime. For dooth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and picke him on the nose, though it be on hard stones, or ditch. . . . So that by this means their necks are broken, sometimes their back, sometimes their arms—" He continues in this quiet strain for some time, and then concludes, "—and picke him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices." Hardly a game for tenderlings! Wouldn't our dial-turning ranters today rave against a game like that!

There is a little story told that during the Danish invasion of John Bull's shores in 962, the citizens of Chester in England captured one of the Danes. They executed the poor fellow, and after removing his head proceeded to use it as a football. This sport became so much the fad that the practice was followed whenever the above-mentioned member of an enemy's body could be acquired. After a while, however, a ball was substituted for the head (perhaps they ran out of enemies). Even then the people played such a rugged game that at times the ball was abandoned and they would go to work not too scientifically on one another's persons. What had begun as a friendly football game ended in a free-for-all.

However, football persisted. You can't keep a good thing down. In fact, till the quarter-mark of the nineteenth century instead of the Mardi Gras there used to be "Football Day" on Shrove Tuesday. But such a rowdy's game never won recognition from the aristocracy. The poor and the middle

class quite enjoyed the game. On Football Day homes were barricaded, windows were protected by heavy shutters, and doors were locked. And it wasn't just the toughies who played. It was a game for everybody and his brother, for men, women, and children. To have several hundred players divided into two or more teams (depending on the number of balls) made for a rather rough game. Oftentimes one goal was in one village, the other in another village—with no rules but tradition. It was football with a vengeance and no holds barred. Actually it was nothing but a minor civil war with broken bones being the common thing.

BUT when 1830 hove into sight, such goings on were few. Football seemed to have breathed its last. So it seemed. But thanks to some few schools the game was nursed back to health. This convalescing period lasted for over a quarter of a century. A little past the half-way mark in the eighteen hundreds a popular interest in amateur sports developed. Sports that anyone could play were given the limelight; sports suited for inter-collegiate clashes were unearthed. And so football's crutches were taken away and once more it was on its own.

The growth of football resulted from squabbles and arguments about rules. As can be imagined, the game began with merely a few guiding marks. But as the players began to outwit these, others had to be found. The first rule-making meetings were quite warm affairs, especially when any players happened to attend. They stood up for anything that would help their own team, while the rest of the committee, unless they were playing politics (such things are known in the sports world), tried to better the game for everyone. Rule followed rule till finally there were

swarms of them. But with the advent of new rules the players never failed to find new plays to match. For instance, at Rugby in the wee years of the nineteen hundreds a local boy, William Webb Ellis, added something new. While opponents grunted and struggled, Ellis wriggled loose and began running with the ball. Spectators were elated; players stood dumbfounded. The new technique was in to stay.

It is that technique that makes Rugby what it is. The old game had turned up its toes, for while Harrow and Winchester colleges still stayed with the firstborn game of hands off the ball, Rugby went for the game with hands and feet. But even in the new version the hands could be used only at certain times. Harrow and Winchester played soccer; Rugby played its own kind of game. But the school of Eton drew a happy medium and played a cross-breed. The boys from Eton had a combination of Rugby and soccer. This turned out to be a not too distant cousin of American football. In England, then, there were three kinds of football.

Football, as we Americans know it, wasn't born till about 1870. Before that it was a mongrel sport still in its infancy. Credit for starting the ball rolling in our fair fields goes to Harvard, whose Crimson Tide introduced the American system of football. The first game was with Yale, which at the time knew next to nothing about the game. The Bulldogs in their eagerness to learn stood up and took a glorious defeat. But for some years after, the Crimson Tide was a wash-out, losing regularly to Yale.

TO A Bulldog player, Walter C. Camp, should be given the wreath for the present arrangement of the eleven-man team. Before that the number was anywhere between fifteen

and twenty-five. Such things as rules and penalties and time are the result of a thrashing out of a conglomeration of opinions and ideas.

In the days of yore when a man bounced a ball across the goal line his team was given only four points; when the same thing happens today, the one giving the performance gets credit for six. The safeties and field-goals were counted the same as they are today.

There were other differences too. Such a thing as "interference"—the blocking system—was taboo. Instead, the "mass plays" became the vogue. It all amounted to the same thing. It was just interference with a head-start. The backfield grouped around the would-be ball carrier and headed for the line before the ball was snapped. The power of such a drive is easily seen. But such a thing today would have the man in white going into hysterics; the result would be a penalty. Those were the days of the flying wedge—today it would be a "V for Victory."

But enough of such technicalities! In 1889 it was said by a writer of the *New York Sun* that men of nerve and brawn were required for football (he could say that again); that then as now critics bewailed the alleged roughness and brutality of the sport. He answered that it was a trial of strength and courage and cleverness. A "down" resulting from a tackle by six or more players at once looks far more severe from the grandstand than on the spot itself. That may have been soft in those times, but today the referee would immediately pace off a fifteen yard penalty.

A great interest was awakened in football, for only fifty years after the game stood on its own legs, crowds of one hundred thousand witnessed the championship games between North and South England. Of course, this was

for only one game of the season. But even so, such a jump in fifty years gives a good indication of the popularity of the game. In the United States during the same seasons crowds numbering thirty thousand are on record. "In our day" (Eleanor's twelve year influence) that would be a second-rate game. Then it was the biggest of the year.

THE first league was the American Inter-Collegiate Football Association. Naturally, our old friends, the Bulldogs and the Crimson eleven, belonged to it. But no league would be complete without Lions and Tigers. So from the Nittany hills the Penn State eleven roared into the league; and Princeton furnished the Bengal Brute. Another fighter in this membership was Wesleyan. The league was small, to be sure, but it was a start, and that is all the game needed. It grew fast and furiously from the thirty-thousand spectator game to the one-hundred-thou-

sand of today. And that thirty-thousand was gathered at some oval (the pre-one-hundred-thousand name for stadium) during the biggest games of the year. Judging by the comparative size of the crowds, football has grown to well over twice its original size. The cheering section of any large university today would have taken most of the seats in the Oval. But even in nineteen hundred with its small crowds, football was the money-making sport, the game that paid for all the rest of college sports.

While American baseball grew from a sandlot, American football sprang from the Harvard campus. That development has been so pronounced that many of football's devotees claim it has replaced baseball as the National Pastime. Be that as it may, the truth will still stand that football is the game of American Universities for years to come. But even then, with the game in every college and university in the country, what is football without Notre Dame!

Homo Sapiens

"First of all, man has an upright gait; this gives him two limbs more than a dog has, for instance: he can carry things, and yet jabber on, he is not reduced to defending himself by biting, but can use his mouth for other purposes. Feeding also takes less time in his case than in that of the cow, who has little time for anything else than chewing and a moo now and then."

— from Otto Jespersen's learned work on the
History of Language.

Not even time for an occasional bridge party.

Fitting Epitaphs

A million dollars — yea, a hundred million to the one who will relieve me of this grave. See my heirs.

This marble tomb I purchased with my wealth; it holds what now a penny will not buy — my body's dust. Look ye within and learn.

Let human feet upon my body tramp till time is o'er. T'is but the price for all the hearts, the homes, the souls I trod in life.

ROOTS OF PREJUDICE—II

If you hold any convictions about classes of human beings for which your only argument is: "Everybody says it" or "I read it in the papers" or "I was always told so"—then re-examine them. Maybe mere repetition has prejudiced you.

D. P. MILLER

TO ANYONE who is interested in analyzing the causes of prejudice among men, it can be made obvious and clear that many people fall into the class of the prejudiced as a result of *repetition*—the constant, unstudied repetition of certain statements about other human beings that are accepted on faith when they could and should be easily checked by experience and reason. Prejudice may be defined as a sense of animosity and distrust for a certain class of human beings based on a judgment without evidence, or on a judgment that is accepted without proof and adhered to without examination of facts that are easily available to all. It is constant repetition of such judgments that satisfies some people that they are true, and gives rise to antipathies and animosities.

Repetition, of course, has its proper place in the formation of men's minds. Not in vain has it been called the *Mater Studiorum*, i.e., the mother of learning. A child, for example, is made to repeat almost tiresomely the fixed truths of the multiplication table, but at some time during the process of this repetition or the remembering of it, it is expected that the child's mind will fully awaken, analyze the truths it learned by heart, and recognize that they cannot be otherwise; there are no two ways about it: two times two always makes four. So it is with the process of repetition in all true education; a good teacher remembers that what he teaches a child to memorize and repeat must inevitably

be found true by the child's mind when it is capable of analyzing what it was trained to say.

The kind of repetition that makes for prejudice is that of propositions and statements about classes of people which no one, neither teacher nor pupil, has paused to analyze, to test, or to verify over a long period of time. Though dealing with matters of fact, subject therefore to evidence within reach of all, these propositions have grown into the stature of principles or assumptions which no one should question and no one should dare to deny. And the first and widest field in which such judgments are made and repeated from generation to generation, with resulting prejudice and distrust, is the field of religion. More specifically still, there are thousands of people who hate and fear and condemn Catholics solely on the ground of oft-repeated statements about Catholics which no one, through generations of repetition, has attempted to verify or prove.

IT IS necessary only to set down a few propositions which, on the one hand have been repeated for generations, and on the other hand may with childish ease be subjected to evidence and fact, to recognize in repetition an incalculable source of prejudice. "Catholics adore the Blessed Virgin Mary," is such a statement. It is lodged as a truth in innumerable Protestant minds because it has been repeated to them from their childhood on. Yet nothing

would be simpler, for any one who accepts this as the truth, than to attempt to verify it for himself. Anyone, Catholic or non-Catholic, can buy, borrow or beg copies of all official and approved prayers used by Catholics and study them for evidence of adoration of Mary. Anyone can go into a Catholic Church, without being noticed, when sermons are being preached on the Blessed Virgin, and listen to what is taught. Anyone who is really interested in the truth, could go to a priest (even, if he wished, pretending to be a Catholic) and ask him if he had to adore the Blessed Virgin, or if he might adore her, or how he should go about it. Any or all of these simple expedients would provide ample evidence that it is not true that Catholics adore the Virgin Mary. Yet if the non-Catholic who believes that they do is asked how he knows that, he will usually answer: "Everybody says so. That's what I've always been taught. I read it in a book," etc., etc.

There are a hundred other statements that parallel this example perfectly. "Jesuits are dangerous and hypocritical." "The Pope has ambitions to be the civil ruler of the world." "Catholics believe that the Pope cannot make a mistake or commit a sin." "Catholics have to swear allegiance to a foreign power, and have to fight against their own country if that foreign power says the word." "Catholic convents are dens of iniquity." "Catholic nuns are forced into their convents and held there by force." "Celibacy on the part of Catholic priests is only a front for various types of immorality." "Catholics can obtain the permission of a priest to commit sin." These are statements, the constant repetition of which has created the prejudices in many minds. Yet every one of them can be checked for truth by anyone who is willing to exer-

cise as little research as he would use in finding a job.

PERHAPS the largest barrier to the silencing of these repetitions is the one repetition that is most often used, viz., that Catholics are dishonest and deceiving; that they can fool you even while you are looking them in the eye. This oft-repeated statement naturally makes many people think that there is no use in trying to find out the truth about them; to do so would be to become another victim of their lies and deceit. But a moment's thought should demonstrate the folly of such a position. After all, there are almost thirty million Catholics in the United States alone, and about twenty thousand priests. If it is impossible for any serious-minded person to find out what are the beliefs, principles and practices of a group of people that large, then one might as well give up trying to find out anything. And if statements about these thirty million people and twenty thousand priests are believed without any contact with or approach to a single member of the group, then it can only be said that those who believe them want to be prejudiced; they do not want to run the risk of having to forfeit their ill-will.

However, religion is not the only field in which repetition makes for prejudice. The same thing operates in politics, in racial relations, in social relations, in the relations between nations. Political hatreds are surely transmitted from father to son, from citizen to citizen, by the constant repetition of certain statements that are taken on unreasonable faith, accepted only because they are heard over and over again. The sons and daughters of laissez-faire, unlimited free enterprise business protagonists usually (though there are exceptions) accept a strong

prejudice against all organized labor as right and just because they have heard the labor movement reviled so often in their own homes. Many of those who have no time for any semblance of white and colored equality in citizenship and opportunity, can quote as their reasons only untrue or partially true slogans that they have heard over and over again, in the environment in which they live. And there can be little doubt that much of the distrust of one national strain for certain others is due principally to the fact that from family to family and generation to generation a few vicious assumptions about the disliked nationalities have been, with mounting effect, handed down and made an integral part of children's training and education. There is much truth in the saying that if a lie or a half truth is repeated often enough, many who hear it will accept it as an axiom.

WHAT is the remedy for this cause of prejudice? It is to be found in the application of a simple principle of logic and the iron determination not to be swayed therefrom by all the repetition in the world. The principle is this: There are two kinds of propositions or statements. The first kind include those that are clear in

themselves; that require no investigation as proof because the mind is forced to accept them as soon as the terms are clear. For example, "white is not black"; "a thing cannot exist and not exist at the same time"; "things equal to a third thing are equal to one another." Such truths can be repeated over and over to the end of time, and everybody who hears them will have to agree that they are true.

The second kind of proposition is that whose truth cannot be known merely because it is stated. In the case of such, either the one who makes the statement must offer adequate proof, or the one who is asked to accept it must not do so until he has checked with the evidence. The reason is because this kind of proposition depends on facts, not on eternal verities that the mind can grasp at a glance. How much prejudice will be eliminated from the world if only those who are constantly hearing such statements as that Catholics are hypocrites, or labor organizers are communists, or negroes are inferior to white people, or the English are out to "do" America, will demand proof of those statements, or do a little investigating of their own! It is for that purpose that reason is intended; it is through that operation that un-reason, pre-judgments, and unfounded hatreds are avoided.

Well Dressed Man

A negro picked up for vagrancy and searched in Dallas, Texas, was found to be wearing: one pair of overalls, two pairs of trousers, two swimming suits, eight pair of women's undergarments, seven pair of men's undergarments, two suits of long underwear. Out of his pockets came 51 pencils, five fountain pens, eight fish lines, nine corks, 14 marbles, two pair of scissors, five pair of dice, a box of snuff, a ring of keys, three knives and one pecan.

Well, after all it has been a little chilly lately.

On Conducting An Argument

L. M. MERRILL

Revelations of weakness or strength of character are always made through the manner in which people carry on an argument with others. By "carrying on an argument" we mean here the discussing of a disputed question; the intellectual effort to convince another that he is holding a false conclusion, or that he is basing a conclusion on false or incomplete evidence. The subject matter may be almost anything: politics, religion, science, sports, etc. Strong and great characters argue for a point calmly, open-mindedly, objectively, courteously, even though warmly and earnestly. Weak and small characters usually break out with one of the following faults in arguing with others, especially if the argument is not going their way:

1. *They substitute loudness of voice for lucidity and evidence.* There are some who, when they begin to feel that their opponent is getting the better of an argument, will immediately begin to raise their voice, talk faster and faster, and try to turn the argument into a mere competition of voice. The temptation to do this is experienced by most people when they happen to be arguing with someone who is especially dense or prejudiced, or who they think is so. However, it never accomplishes anything. Arguments are never won, and opponents never induced to change an opinion, by reason of someone's shouting. Rather, if they are prejudiced, their prejudice will be strengthened in the face of such arguing, and of course their opinion of the arguer lowered.

2. *They have recourse to personalities, sarcasm, etc.* There is no greater sign of weakness of character than the practice of meeting an opponent's arguments over a disputed issue with expressions of scorn for his ability to think, or suggestions of suspicion for his motives in holding his opinion, or sarcastic references to his inferior knowledge or attainments. These are sure ways to alienate friends and to mark oneself as a person to be avoided in controversy or dispute.

3. *They are adept at leaping from one point to another, changing the issue, beclouding an argument made against them by bringing up some non-related or remotely related matter.* This is the constant refuge of small minds. If they are inescapably caught by an opponent's arguments, they make their escape by quickly bringing up some other matter that may lead the conversation away from the point that was being discussed. For instance, if you succeed in proving to some non-Catholics that Catholics do not adore the Blessed Virgin, they will come back at once with the statement: "But you do worship statues and pictures." Such persons keep their opponents hopping so fast from one subject to another that nothing is accomplished by the whole argument.

Honest, straightforward discussion is one of the most fruitful and enjoyable of human occupations. But all its joy and all its fruitfulness are destroyed by the above faults. The next time you get into a good argument, try to avoid them.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Christian in their origin, homely in their simplicity, and universal in their popularity, carols have always been identified with Christmas.

R. G. BALSER

THE carol is closely connected with Christmas. In almost every country of the world this feast is celebrated by the singing of carols. Perhaps its long standing tradition is responsible for its deep rooted place in the hearts of almost all peoples. The carol can be traced back as far as Christmas itself. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest.'" The first Christmas carol was sung in the cold field in Bethlehem by a host of angel voices that filled the night with music. This was the origin of the Christmas carol, but it stopped here for some time. It was not until the fourth century that it came to light again. For this reason this century is usually credited with the birth of the carol; before it there is no record of Christmas carols except for the angel's Gloria. Some attribute their origin to Pope Telesphorus in the beginning of the second century. But this is hardly credible, because the feast of Christmas was not a public celebration until after the third century. Nevertheless Pope Telesphorus is said by some to be responsible for the Christmas hymn *Gloria in excelsis Deo* in the Mass.

Early Christians sang hymns before Midnight Mass. The Office of the Church sings with joy on the eve of great feasts. This joy was actually a part of the life of early Christian families. This joy too found outlet in hymns; these Christians carried their joy from the Church to their homes, and hymns were voiced in almost every

Christian home of the early Church. But when the carols were taken from the Church into the homes there was a tendency to become less restrained, and thus it is that they assumed a lighter character. In its youth the carol was sung between the episodes of the Miracle and Mystery Plays of the Middle Ages. But as they grew older, they grew also in the favor of the audience, until they were as much a part of the entertainment as the plays themselves, and from this the carol advanced to its maturity.

NEVERTHELESS originally these carols were Church music. Among the earliest now extant we find the following from a fourteenth century manuscript:

Yn a staybel Cryste was borne,
All ye catel bende theyre knees.
On ye cross His lymbs were torne,
That heaven may be reached with ease.

Shoute and syng and hayle ye morne,
Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne.

Peace, good will to al on eyrthe,
Wype from every eye ye tear.
By that wundrus royale byrthe,
Mankynde are freed from every fear.
Shoute and syng and hayle ye morne,
Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne.

Some are written in the Latin, some are in the vernacular, and still others mingle the Latin with the vernacular, for example:

In dulci Jubilo

Let us our homage show,
Our hearts joy reclineth
In praesepio.

Formerly all the carols were written in Latin. This only ceased when the common people ceased to know Latin, that is, after the seventh century. It can easily be seen why this should be so, since carols are composed and sung for the most part by the common people. They were not put in writing but were handed down from generation to generation. For this reason we recognise a note of simplicity about them. Most of them were composed in a spirit of faith, with no thought of fame. The lyrics were adapted to familiar melodies that seemed to suit them. We find several lyrics with the same melody, and again several melodies with the one lyric. Some carols appear coarse but there was no intention of irreverence. Simple folk composed them in their own natural style and poured into them their own simplicity and sincerity. These folk spoke familiarly with God, and even in their hilarious festivities they bore in mind that they were celebrating a religious event. Yet, though rustic in composition, the carols have a character all their own. A thread of true poetry winds through some of them, which are interspersed with real beauty.

OF LATE years the carol in many senses has taken on a more standardized form. Perhaps the consideration given it at the hands of sober-minded musicians has not been the best way of preserving its basic characteristic. The very care which is afforded it in the effort to reproduce the first careless joy of the thing may at times defeat its purpose. The particular force of the carol, as compared with the finished

hymn, is a note of uncontrollable joy that must find swift release.

A number of these carols have been preserved. Among these there is a collection, compiled by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, which is probably the earliest collection in existence. Perhaps the most singular of carol pages ever printed is that mentioned in Hone's Every Day Book. It is headed "Christus natus est" — "Christ is born." Below there appears a wood-cut ten inches high, and eight and a half inches wide, representing the Bethlehem stable, the Christ Child lying in the manger, His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph watching Him; angels stand in attendance; a man playing on a musical instrument is nearby, with a woman holding a basket of fruit on her head; there is an ox on the ground lowing, a lamb bleating, a raven croaking, and on the hay-rack a crow cawing; a cock is crowing over them and angels are singing in the sky. Each individual part of this scene has its own individual meaning.

The most charming of carols or cradle songs are perhaps the "Shepherd Songs of Tyrol." These were usually sung in duet or trio form. Sometimes two or three persons would lie prostrate before the cradle. One, rising, sings of the happy tidings learned in his dreams and, rousing his companions, calls them to worship the heavenly Babe. Some of these Shepherd Songs were long and dramatic scenes somewhat akin to the Christmas Mystery Plays and show one of the personages rapt entirely in the splendour of the message of an angel, while the others concern themselves with the gifts they are to bring to Bethlehem. They end by bewailing the sins of the world which has brought the Son of God down to earth to be born in a stable.

Although the Christmas carols were

the most numerous, they were of course limited to one season. Since the daily life of the ordinary Christian was so closely associated with that of the Church it was but natural that the faithful should rejoice when the Church rang out her joyous accents on the eve of any approaching feast. On each of these occasions the people gave voice to their joy in carols. Hence Easter had its carols too. There were also composed secular carols: carols to the seasons, carols of nature, of flowers and of birds. But each offered homage to its Creator in its own way. In fact in the Lffyr Carolan, or Book of Carols, there are five summer carols, in addition to the sixty-six for Christmas. In the Anthology of Wales, besides the forty eight Christmas carols, there are nine summer carols, three May carols, one Nightingale carol and others. Still it is to be remarked that although other feasts and seasons had their own carols, the vast majority, as can be seen from these two compilations, were connected with Christmas-tide. And it is thus that they have been handed down to us. Today the word carol almost immediately brings to mind Christmas.

CAROLS today are common to almost all countries. France has her Noel, which means Nativity. Spain sings of the new born Babe with her Villancicos; Germany her Weihnachtslieder. Each country has her own peculiar way of carolling the Christmas-tide.

In some parts of South America, at the early Mass on Christmas a lullaby is sung to the Infant, accompanied by bells and rattles to amuse Him.

In Poland the priest comes to the houses to bless the festivities. Carols are sung. The family reunion takes place, straw is placed on the table for a crib. At the rise of the first star the

head of the house breaks the oplatki, a blessed wafer, gives part to his neighbor, and extends the seasons greetings. After this the family sings carols until Midnight Mass.

In the cafes of Holland the orchestra plays carols, and families, at home, gather round a Christmas tree adorned with ornaments and sing carols.

Bohemian families from a procession through the house carrying lighted tapers and singing carols, dating back to the tenth century.

In Italy shepherds go carolling through the streets in groups of three — tradition has it that three shepherds were at the crib in Bethlehem. In other districts the men whistle at Midnight Mass in memory of the shepherds.

Noels have always been popular among the French, hence they possess a large number of Christmas hymns. In some provinces minstrels go about from house to house singing carols and asking for hospitality. They usually receive it from the housewives in the form of sweets. In southern France the singing of groups of carollers awakens the villagers. The people too sing as the Church chimes ring out on their way to Midnight Mass. To them we owe the "Noel de Couer" from a sixteenth century piece, and the well known "Angels We Have Heard On High" is also a French air.

Germany is noted no less for her *Weihnachten*. On Christmas Eve in certain villages the peasants used to dress as the three Kings and travel through the streets. Perhaps the most popular Christmas carol today is the "Silent Night," a beautiful lullaby composed by a village priest of Obendorf and his organist.

Ireland prepares for Christmas during the whole month of December. Bands of men play music and sing to each other a mile apart every night for

one hour. Many of the Irish hymns have been lost but we still possess numerous folk songs in Gaelic, dating back to the eighth century, and others in Latin from an earlier period.

Carols were not introduced into England until the twelfth century, but once introduced they spread rapidly. Christmas Eve in England was formerly known as the "Night of Song" or "Yule Merriment." This last expresses the nature of the English carols, which often have a merry, carefree, rollicking character. To England goes the claim for the traditional "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In," a fifteenth century carol. Here the advent of Christmas was hailed by the chanting of the minstrels and waites — bands of men playing music and singing carols. Wales has the greatest renown of all the British Isles for its special fondness for carols, while in the northern part of the same island, in Scotland, they are rare. The carols are the ones used for the most

part in the United States and are still found on many Christmas cards.

THE end of the seventeenth century marked the decline of carol composition. Only in recent times have modern poets endeavored to revive the art, and various organizations have accomplished much in promoting the singing of these old folk tunes. The custom of carolling on Christmas Eve is again becoming common. Detroit has given new life to the custom on a large scale. The movement for the revival of carol singing began here in 1914, when two hundred and fifty carollers sang and collected alms for the poor. Each year the custom seems to have grown, for we read of carol singing forming a prominent part in the Christmas pageants in office buildings, in schools and in communities everywhere. And now with the popularity of the radio so widespread, there can hardly be imagined any place without its Christmas carols.



Good Out of Evil

When you begin to worry about the bad breaks you have been getting, recall the story of Rabbi Akiba, which is told by Brian Brown in *Wisdom of the Hebrews*:

The good Rabbi once set out on a journey, taking with him a donkey, a rooster, and a lamp. At nightfall he reached a village where he sought shelter, but no one would have him.

"All that God does is done well," said the Rabbi.

He proceeded toward the forest and resolved to pass the night there. He lit the lamp, for the forest was very dark, but the wind extinguished it.

"All that God does," he said again, "is done well."

During the terrors of the night the donkey and the rooster were devoured by wild beasts, yet the Rabbi only repeated:

"All that God does is done well."

The next morning he learned that a troop of the enemy's soldiers had passed through the forest that night. If the donkey had brayed, or if the rooster had crowed, or if the light had attracted the soldiers, he would surely have been put to death. Therefore the Rabbi said once more:

"All that God does is done well."

St. Paul, another Hebrew, expressed the same thought even more beautifully. "To them that love God all things work together unto good."

Side Glances

by The Bystander

For a picture of Christmas in Brazil, we pulled this letter out of the files, sent by Rev. James Martin, C.Ss.R., shortly after the first contingent of Redemptorists landed there:

"The pictures we were familiar with show Christmas as a time of merriment and joy amid wintry scenes. The setting is one of snow and ice and icicles; sleighs and sleighbells; holly and evergreen; frozen ponds and streams. It is different here. No ice — no skating: the Rio Negro and the Amazon are still open — and will ever be. But it is Christmas none the less.

"I suppose you are wondering how the Brazilians spend the Christmas holidays? They have their own way of doing it, and really it is very impressive and interesting. For about two weeks in advance they have what is called a 'Pastorinha,' which is nothing other than a Christmas play. On every day during Advent they will present it to whoever wants to come. These little playlets describe the Birth and Coming of Christ with a great deal of emphasis on the fact that the Incarnation of our Lord was a triumph over the devil. In these plays the devil is quite a character and draws a good many laughs. Father Joerger and I were in Codajaz in the early part of Advent, and theirs was the first of such plays that we saw. It was very good — yes, considering the absence of opportunity of the people in these parts for anything like dramatic training, it was exceptionally good. One of the principal features of the Codajaz production was the tribal dance! All the characters in the play assemble around the Crib at the close of the play and welcome the Divine Infant Saviour with a dance. This dance is a relic of their uncivilized ancestors, so they tell me; it consists of a series of leaps and jumps and hip-wriggling to the accompaniment of about twenty tambourines. Whereas this moment is really the most climactic part of the whole show, and a time when the audience should be breathless with wonderment and admiration, unfortunately Father Joerger and I got a laughing fit during this most solemn part of the "Pastorinha" and could not stop. We thought that we would certainly be socially ostracized for laughing at a time like that, but the people took it in good part, and no offense was taken. But it was riotous, and we still get a kick out of telling about it to the others. Such Christmas plays as these are had in nearly all the parishes of the city.

"You may have heard that we are just beginning what is called the 'rainy season.' This begins about the first of December and continues till May or June; almost every day it rains for about four or five hours — and it really is rain. You have read about those torrential downpours of the tropics? Well, that's Manaus, where it seems as if the Amazon itself is washing through the city. But it isn't bad if you do not happen to be caught outside in one of them. Christmas was a typical rainy day. It began about three in the morning and lasted practically all day. Fortunately it came when it did, for we had a solemn diocesan Mass at midnight in one of the city squares at which nearly the whole town was present. If that rain had come an hour earlier, the vast throng would have received a soaking.

"That is Christmas down here — up to the point of this writing. But wherever we are there is Christmas cheer . . . etc."

THE LIGUORIAN

The latest dispatch from Chaplain Louis G. Miller somewhere in New Guinea reads as follows:

"The September LIGUORIAN just reached me; it takes a long time for second class mail to make the crossing. It is good to see that you are carrying on strongly, but go easy on the theme of how sorely we associate editors and foreign correspondents are missed. I am trying to write a couple of articles, but in this life there always seems to be a lot of things that demand more immediate attention. I console myself with the thought of the lady friend of St. Clement who said, when asked why she didn't devote more time to writing instead of sewing shirts for the poor: 'I have never heard of a shortage of books, but I have heard of a shortage of shirts.' In this case it is a shortage of priests. My tent is right in the middle of a detachment here, and I am seldom alone long enough even to change my clothes. I have been trying to get away for a retreat, but there is just no chance of getting a substitute here. It looks as if I will have to wait till we get to the Philippines. At the rate events are moving, as we read from the papers, we shall be there before too long. We are all anxious to get into the thick of it again, for after all, that is why we are in the army. Our New Guinea battle stripes are getting a bit faded. We are coming into the hot season here, and the heat at midday is simply terrific. It is nothing for the thermometer to register 110 in the shade. Christmas here will be the time to dream about the crisp white snow and the frosty air. . . ."



As the end of another year approaches, the bystander begs all who have ever read his column or any part of it to redouble their prayers and sacrifices that it may be the last year of war. There will be thousands spending Christmas miserably. Soldiers at the various fronts, for whom Christmas will not be a day of relaxation and feasting nor of beautiful religious ceremonies and happy family gatherings, but just one more day of constant vigilance against death, of constant weariness and sacrifice and fear. Dispossessed people the world over, bombed out of their homes, driven out of their cities, "feasting" literally on husks and refuse and things once eaten only by animals. Sorrow-laden mothers and fathers and wives, who will spend the day thinking of one or more who will never spend Christmas with them again; worried and anxious families, thinking of the next Christmas as last Christmas they thought of this, hoping and praying only that it will see all its scattered sons and daughters brought together again under a peaceful sky. The bystander has a great confidence in prayer, and in the willing offering of all the sacrifices that already have been made. Let Advent give a great new impetus to the use of these two great means, prayer and sacrifice. It does not take many people to save a city or a nation. When God was about to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham prevailed on Him to promise that He would withhold His wrath and spare those cities if only ten just men could be found in the midst of the thousands of sinners whose sins had angered God. Let there be only ten in every city of America imploring God during Advent to come back into His world again, to lift the clouds of war, to let His rule of peace and justice prevail again. Then we shall have peace in 1945.



Catholic Anecdotes ~ ~ ~ ~

FIR TREES FOR CHRISTMAS

A BEAUTIFUL old German legend ascribes the origin of the Christmas tree to St. Winfrid. He had just converted a great number of pagans, and in their midst he was hewing down a giant oak which had formerly been the object of their Druidic worship.

"Then," the chronicler records, "the sole wonder in Winfrid's life came to pass. For, as the bright blade circled above his head, and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak from its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir-tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

"Winfrid let the axe drop, and turned to speak to the people.

"'This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness.'"

INCREASING THE LOAD

A HERMIT was once conducted by an angel into a large wood, where he was shown an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up and attempted to lift it on his shoulder, that he might carry it away, but finding it very heavy he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on and then tried again.

This the old man repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime, the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, asked the angel to explain what it meant.

"You behold," said the angel, "in the foolish old man an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will, by and by, be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on, adding to their burden; it grows too heavy to be borne, and then in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs."

The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which had now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered under his efforts; his strength was ebbing away, and finally, after a last convulsive effort he fell dead.

Pointed Paragraphs

Peace on Earth

"To men of good will," sang the angels on Christmas night, "peace on earth." Perhaps no phrase ever uttered possesses more appeal for human hearts than the phrase "peace on earth" does today. Yet there are many who do not understand it; and many more who have not "the good will" to make it real. What is peace on earth?

The great philosopher of Aquin defines peace as tranquility of order. He also defines order as the right relationship between things and parts of things. From that twofold definition the whole nature of peace on earth among men of good will can be discovered. It has three parts and if any one of these three parts is lacking, peace will not be found.

The first requirement for peace is the right order between man and God. There is only one right order between man and God. That is the order established by the fact that God is creator and man is creature; God is the supreme authority and man is the subject; God is the Father and every human being is His child. Therefore peace begins with the subjection of man to God. If any man says: "I shall not recognize God," or "I refuse to be subject to God," or "I shall obey God only in what is pleasing to me" — that man will never have peace.

The second condition of peace is that a man preserve the proper order in his own faculties or powers. In every man there are two kinds of faculties: those of the body and those of the soul. The former are clearly intended to be subordinate to the latter. Mind and will, the faculties of the soul, are to approve, direct, control and govern the desires and passions of the body. If any man says, "My body comes first," or "I shall let my passions have what they desire," or "My soul shall be the servant of my body" — he will never know peace. He has destroyed the order in himself on which peace depends.

The third basis for peace is the right order between a man and his fellow men. To love his neighbor, i.e., all his fellowmen, as himself, is the measure of what the order between one man and his fellowmen must be. If a man despises any of his neighbors, if he hates them, or refuses to help them, or fails to forgive them when they have wronged him, he will never enjoy peace. He will know only war and murder and injustice and cruelty as the world knows these things now.

Christ's coming promised that, to men of good will, peace will come. Good will means the efficacious desire to remain humbly subject to the authority of God; to keep the passions in their proper place and proper subjection to reason and free will; to keep alive a love of neighbor that will never permit hatred or cruelty to influence thought, speech or action. Through Christ alone this strong desire can be kept alive; in Christ the peace that is tranquility of order can be established throughout the world. Let each man begin with himself in seeking and making lasting peace.

Christmas Presents—1944

Shopping for Christmas will not be much fun this year. Toys on display will be "ersatz" and flimsy; silk things, woollen things, leather things, metal things have mostly been replaced by rayon, cotton, paper and plastic; cigars and cigarettes can be offered as presents only by those who are willing to give up the smoking habit themselves, and even candy will have to be doled out with a seemingly ungenerous hand. The commonplace gifts such as neckties, handkerchiefs and socks will have to carry most of the good wishes back and forth among friends.

To inject something new into the spirit of Christmas despite the shortage of gifts at hand, we have a few suggestions. First of all, why not make this Christmas more than ever the season of peace by remembering some of the persons whom, ordinarily, you would not remember at all? That relative, for example, whom you cordially dislike and who has never remembered you. Those neighboring children who get on your nerves so often by their raucous shouts and whom you have so often bawled out for running through your garden. Your boss, whom everybody in the office calls "an old bear." The man with whom you had a political argument before elections which left you both glaring at one another on every chance meeting. Neckties, handkerchiefs, socks—ersatz toys and flimsy gadgets—why not let them say to such persons: "I'm not holding any grudges. Let's be friends. Let's forget the past in the peace of Christmas?" Nothing could do more to spread happiness and lay the foundations of lasting peace.

Another suggestion. Don't forget the value of good books as Christmas presents. People have been sobered into much reading by war; they have unusual opportunities for it because of the difficulties of travel and other kinds of amusement. Watch the Catholic magazine book lists for suggestions in this line. Help to scatter far and wide the good books that not only provide pleasure and amusement but help people live wisely and fully.

Lastly, with whatever gift you send to a friend, include a note promising that you will be remembering him especially in Mass and Communion on Christmas Day. Let your friends know that whether you send them an expensive or inexpensive gift, you consider Mass and Communion the greatest gifts of all. Maybe, that way, somebody who has forgotten will suddenly be brought back to the realization that Christmas is nothing without its spiritual significance and spiritual realities; maybe, even, somebody will be led back to God through your reminder.

Political Aftermath

Nothing could be more consoling to the sincere and honest American than the expressions of submission to the will of the people and of cooperation with the duly elected administration on the part of those who took violent part in the recent presidential campaign. This should indeed be a lesson to other nations, especially those that are constantly divided by conspiracies, plots, coups, "putsches" and insurrections sponsored by defeated parties and underground contenders for civil power. It furnishes solid evidence that democracy works; it should make them say to themselves what St. Augustine said when

he faced the difficult task of turning his back on sin: "Potuerunt hi; quare et non ego?" "Others could do it; why cannot I?"

However, the example given by Americans must continue. On the one hand the world must be shown that authority, once elected in a democracy, receives respect, honor and obedience from all its citizens; on the other hand it must be made clear that all the citizens in a democracy have the right and the duty of honest, constructive criticism, of manifesting their will, of expressing their disapprobation of projected acts that would be contrary to the good or the will of all.

There must always be honor, respect and obedience to duly elected authority. There has been some diminution of these among Americans over the past several years. This has shown itself in the form of contemptuous and maligning anecdotes and stories concerning those in power; the passing about of unfounded rumors and suspicions; sometimes the downright determination to disobey. One example of almost diabolic rumor-mongering is that of those who have suggested that President Roosevelt deliberately held up the winning of the war in order to insure his election. To permit one's mind to harbor such a thought, with the implication that a president of the United States deliberately sacrificed thousands of American lives for personal ends, would certainly seem to make one diabolically inspired. Yet it has been repeated often, even in the face of General Eisenhower's public statement that he has been given a free hand to win the European war as quickly and bloodlessly as possible.

But it is not contrary to obedience, respect and honor to be watchful of one's government, and ready to express oneself in sturdy disapproval of things that are contrary to the general good. The purpose of government is clearly defined: to provide for the common good all those things that private right and authority cannot provide. If individual rights are in danger of being invaded, if one class of citizens is permitted or encouraged to prey on another, if government winks at corruption and evil in its own inner circles, then free citizens must object vigorously and demand to be heard. But all such action must be based on evidence (not hearsay and rumor) and be taken in strict accordance with democratic institutions.

America has once more proved itself to be the greatest country in the world. Let the proof continue, in the eagerness of all her citizens to fulfill the duties and exercise the rights of a free people.

Unfulfilled Duties and Communism

About the truest thing we have read on the question of the probability of the world being swept by Communism after the war has recently come out of France. There the Most Rev. Lucien Saliege, Archbishop of Toulouse, has written a pastoral to his people dealing with the problem. His words are worthy of deep pondering by all who have been purely negative in their opposition to the Red menace.

"You are afraid of Communism," said the Archbishop, "and I do not say that you are wrong. But I do say that for us Communism has a particular significance. *It is the evidence of our unfulfilled duty.* Therefore it is time for us to return to the Gospel, to print it on our hearts and to spread it abroad.

Those who live on small fixed incomes are dying of hunger. Workingmen's families find it difficult to live. A new proletariat is rising beside the old one. Order will never be established except by a wise redistribution of wealth. A Catholic ought to wish for this and work for it. He must stand up for family life, vocational associations, the state, knowing that it is his duty to invest these institutions with the Christian Spirit. 'Christ in all,' is his motto."

It has always been our contention that the advances of Communism are "the evidence of our own unfulfilled duty." We learned this from the encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Atheistic Communism, who insisted therein that Communism would lose all its appeal and all its power only when society began to realize its responsibilities and put into practice its theoretical principles on the rights of all individuals as human beings. Communism is not killed by opposition alone; it thrives on that. It is rendered unattractive and impotent only by true social justice as outlined in the great social pronouncements of the Popes.

Some Americans are tending to lose sight of the social justice ideals under the influence of war time prosperity and the too glowing promises of even greater prosperity after the war. Such Americans are ready to damn as a Communist or a fellow traveler anyone who dares to speak of social evils against which Communists also agitate. They fail to realize that the best defenders of American democracy are those who see that Communism can be more quickly starved to death than stabbed to death; that deprived of ready made causes for promoting class war, it can succeed neither above ground nor below.

Catholics may well take as a slogan that one sentence of Archbishop Saliege: "Communism is the evidence of our unfulfilled duty."

Retriever

At last it has been decided; let the youth of the nation rejoice! In Washington, D. C., last month courageous Judge James R. Duncan ruled that a boy is entitled to regain possession of his football even if it has accidentally landed on someone else's property. He ordered Miss Blanche Rotchford, a former concert singer, to return the football of David Moss, aged 9, after the boy's parents swore out a warrant against her. The judge also took from Miss Rotchford a bag of baseballs, rubber balls and golf balls that she had harvested in her yard.

May this stand as precedent for all ages to come!

Testimonial

A Patent medicine advertiser in the *Cleveland News* carried a testimonial and the picture of a man who stated he had backache, sour stomach, gas pains and constipation, etc., and after taking three bottles of "blank" his troubles had all disappeared and he was much better. "It is a wonderful medicine."

On the same page the gentleman's obituary appeared in the paid death notices.—*The Victorian*.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

RULES FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE

(Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer)

III. Practice of the Christian Virtues (Cont.)

8. Devotion to the Mother of God

I hope that the reader is fully convinced that, in order to insure his eternal salvation, he must possess a true devotion to Mary. And if he should wish to be still more convinced of this, let him read the book I have written, called *The Glories of Mary*. Here we shall speak only of the practices you may adopt in order to obtain the special protection of this sovereign Lady.

First of all, every morning and evening, when you arise and before going to bed, say three *Hail Marys*, adding this short ejaculatory prayer: "Through thy Immaculate Conception, O Mary, purify my body and sanctify my soul!" Place yourself thus beneath her mantle, that she may keep you that day or that night free from sin. Say a *Hail Mary* every time you hear the clock strike, whenever you enter or leave the house and when you pass by any picture or statue of the Blessed Virgin. In a similar manner, when you begin any of your occupations, such as your study or work and before eating or going to sleep, never omit to say a *Hail Mary*.

Secondly, say at least five decades of the Rosary every day, meditating, as you pray, on the mysteries. Many devout people also say the Office of Our Lady; it might be well for you to say at least the Little Office of the Name of Mary, which is very short, being composed of only five short psalms. Thirdly, say an *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* every day to the ever-blessed Trinity in thanksgiving for the graces that have been bestowed upon Mary. The Blessed

Virgin herself revealed to a holy person that this devotion was very pleasing to her. Fourthly, in honor of this great Queen, impose upon yourself, in a more or less strict degree, some type of fast or practice of mortification on Saturdays or at least on the vigils of her seven feasts. For instance, you can, on these days, limit yourself to one full meal, or eat of only one dish set before you, or at least abstain from something you like. St. Andrew of Crete says that Mary repays these little things with great graces.

Fifthly, pay frequent visits to some image of your patroness and ask her for the gifts of holy perseverance and the love of Jesus Christ. Sixthly, allow no day to pass without reading something about Our Lady, or else say some special prayer to the Blessed Virgin. Seventhly, make the novenas for the seven principal feasts of Mary, and ask your confessor to tell you what devotions and mortifications you should practice during those nine days. Say at least nine *Hail Marys* and a *Glory be to the Father*, and on each day of the novena beg of her to give you some special grace that you need. Lastly, frequently recommend yourself to this divine Mother during the day, particularly in time of temptation, saying at such times, and often repeating with great fervor: "Mary, help me! help me, my Mother!" And if you truly love Mary, try to promote devotion to this great Mother of God among your relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

9. Practices to Acquire the Love of

Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ ought to be our whole

and only love. He is worthy of it, both because he is a God of infinite goodness, and because he has loved us to such an extent as to die for us. Oh, how great, then, are our obligations to Jesus Christ! Everything that we have and are, all that we enjoy, our graces, pardons, helps, hopes, consolations, sweetnesses and loving affections, come to us through Jesus Christ. Let us then see by what means we can acquire this love of Jesus Christ.

First of all, we must desire to have this love of Jesus Christ; and we must, therefore, often ask him to bestow it upon us, especially in our prayers and Holy Communion, and in our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. This grace we must also seek at the hands of the ever-blessed Mary, from our guardian angel and our holy patrons, that they may enable us to love Jesus Christ. St. Francis de Sales says that the grace of loving Jesus Christ contains all other graces in itself, because he who truly loves Jesus Christ cannot be wanting in any virtue.

In the second place, if we wish to acquire the love of Jesus Christ, we must detach our hearts from all earthly affections. There is no room in a heart that is full of this world for divine love. St. Philip Neri used to say: "The love we give to creatures is all so much taken from God."

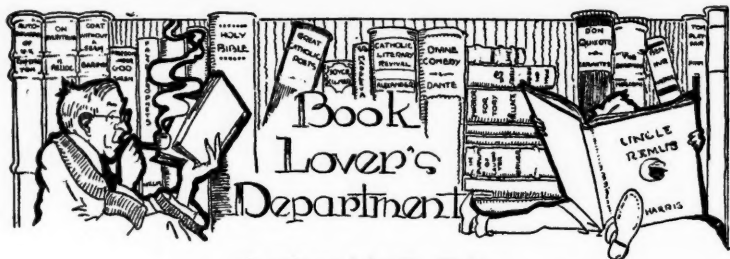
Thirdly, we must often, especially at prayer, make acts of love to Jesus Christ. Acts of love are the fuel with which we keep alive the fire of holy charity. Let us frequently say: "My Jesus, I rejoice that Thou art infinitely happy, and that Thy eternal Father loves Thee as much as himself!" And again: "I wish, my Jesus, that all could know and love Thee!" Or: "My Jesus, I love Thee more than all things! I love

Thee more than myself!" Let us also make frequent acts of contrition, for they are called acts of sorrowful love.

Finally, if you wish to make sure of being inflamed with love towards Jesus Christ, often try to meditate on his sacred Passion. It was revealed to a holy solitary, that no exercise was more efficacious in enkindling love, than the consideration of the sufferings and ignominy which Jesus Christ endured for love of us. I say that it is impossible that a soul, meditating often on the Passion of Christ, should be able to resist his love. For this purpose, though he could have saved us by one drop of his blood, even by a single prayer, he chose to suffer so much and to shed all his blood, that he might draw hearts to love him. He, therefore, who meditates on his Passion does what is very pleasing to Our Lord. Often make your meditation, then, on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Do so at least every Friday, the day on which he died for love of us. For this reason I have written many meditations on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which treat of the love which Jesus Christ has borne us in the great work of our redemption.

* * *

(Note: This concludes St. Alphonsus' beautiful little work, *Rules for a Christian Life*. Besides his masterful work on Moral Theology and numerous ascetical and devotional writings, St. Alphonsus found time to carry on a voluminous correspondence. Four volumes of his letters have been published. We think that you will enjoy reading examples of the instructive, interesting and forceful letters of St. Alphonsus in the pages of the 1945 Liguoriana.)



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

19. MAURICE WALSH 1879—

I. *Life*: Maurice Walsh was born in County Kerry, Ireland, on May 2, 1879. For generations his people had been farmers and rebels. Maurice himself has always lived close to the soil. In fact, he never saw the walls of a city until he went as a young man to Dublin. He received his education at St. Michael's College, Listowel. For a time Mr. Walsh wandered up and down England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales as an officer in the Customs service. In 1938, the Irish Pen Club chose him as its president. Now he spends his time in writing, hunting, fishing and gardening at his home near Dublin.

II. *Writings*: Maurice Walsh is one of the great Irish story tellers. He tells us the reason he writes is "to pass time and to create a yarn for those kids of mine who are my hardest critics." He writes of the Ireland and Scotland that he knows through his years of travel. Mr. Walsh knows the folk lore and the places where Ireland's and Scotland's heroes have shed their blood. His novels have a simple charm that unconsciously carries along the reader's feelings. Written without any apparent art they are works of the highest artistry. The rhythmic poetic prose creates a subtle atmosphere in the stories. Walsh is also noted for the characters that he draws with effortless skill. The characters reveal themselves in so vivid a way that the reader feels he is a companion of theirs.

Walsh has written of both ancient and modern Ireland and Scotland. Perhaps his best field is the recreation of episodes of centuries ago. Adventure and romance are found in all his novels. *The Sons of the Swordmaker* (Stokes) is the adventurous tale of the five sons of the skilled swordmaker who lived and fought in pre-Christian Britain and Ireland. *The Dark Rose* tells the personal chronicle of an army physician's assistant in the wars of seventeenth century Ireland. *Tomasheen James* is a modern tale of a "man of no work" but of much adventure.

III. *The Book*: *Three Roads* is a collection of three novels that well represent the art of Maurice Walsh. *Blackcock's Feather* is the story of dour David Gordon who found adventure with the O'Donnell and romance with Eithne ni Flaherty. There is plenty of action in this fighting story. *The Road to Nowhere* shifts to modern times. Rogan Stuart tries to forget his past by leading the nomadic life of a tinker's assistant. The open air and the gaiety of the county fairs restore him to health and confidence in man and woman. *Green Rushes* narrates the strangely intermingled lives of six men and four women who spend a night in a hotel during the terrible Black and Tan days. One of the interesting characters is Paddy Bawn Enright known as the Quiet Man because he hoped to end his life in a small quiet place on the hillside, but was more likely to end it in a Black and Tan ambush.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Books are always an excellent gift. Here are some books that will help to make your choice easier this Christmas.

I. Books for Priests and Seminarians:

- A World to Reconstruct**—Guido Gonella, \$3.50.
Remarkable analysis of the Pope's peace plans.
- Tar Heel Apostle**—John C. Murrett, \$2.50.
Story of the co-founder of Maryknoll, Father Price.
- Leonard Feeney Omnibus**—Leonard Feeney, \$3.00.
Collection of the essays of the noted humorist and scholar.
- Humanity, What, Whence, Whither?**—W. E. Orchard, \$2.00.
The English convert outlines the meaning of humanity.
- The Christ, the Son of God**—Abbe Fouard, \$2.00.
Reprint of the classic life of Christ.

II. Books for Sisters:

- The Reed of God**—Caryll Houselander, \$2.00.
The author of *This War Is the Passion* shows the human side of the Mother of God.
- Three Religious Rebels**—M. Raymond, \$2.75.
The Trappist Monk tells the foundation of the Cistercians.
- Mother Butler of Maryknoll**—Katherine Burton, \$3.00.
The story of the foundress of the Maryknoll Sisters.
- White Fire**—E. J. Edwards, \$2.75.
A novel about life in a leper colony in the Philippines.
- St. Teresa of Ávila**—W. T. Walsh, \$5.00.
A complete and scholarly life of the great contemplative and foundress.

III. Books for young people:

- Life of Christ for Children**—Marigold Hunt, \$1.75.
Absorbing life of Christ for the young.
- The Little Queen**—Mary Fabyan Windeatt, \$2.00.
The story of the Little Flower.
- Smarter and Smoother**—Maureen Daly, \$2.00.
Advice for the teenagers by the author of *Seventeenth Summer*.
- White Smoke Over the Vatican**—Don Sharkey, \$2.00.
Short account of Vatican City.

IV. Books for lay people:

- War Is My Parish**—Dorothy Fremont Grant, \$2.50.
Account of the work of the Chaplains in this war.
- The Captain Wears a Cross**—William Maguire, \$2.00.
The Chaplain continues his experiences in the Navy.
- Amen, Amen**—S. A. Constantino, \$2.00.
Dynamic presentation of fundamental Catholic ethics by a young pilot.
- The Listening Post**—Thomas B. Morgan, \$3.00.
A reporter tells of life at the Vatican.
- Christmas Comes Again**—John N. Then, \$1.60.
A book of inspiring Christmas lore.
- A Christmas Chronicle**—Aloysius Horn, \$1.00.
All the great stories of Christmas.

DECEMBER BOOK REVIEWS

The widespread discussion of juvenile delinquency has focused attention on the failure of the American home. Parental delinquency is commonly accepted as the better term to account for the present condition of American youth. Serious minded parents are examining themselves to see whether or not they have failed in their duties as parents. Young people who plan to raise a family want to avoid the mistakes of their elders. Father Lord maintains that most parents are not bad and selfish, but only unprepared. From his vast experience with young men and women he draws up *Some Notes for the Guidance of Parents* (Queen's Work, 252 pp., \$2.00). In an earlier work Father Lord offered *Some Notes for the Guidance of Youth* to all those engaged in directing young people. His later book helps to prepare men and women for the greatest profession in the world, parenthood. These *Notes* were first of all given to a group of priests and religious during a session of the Sodality Summer School.

Assistance to Parents

All the suggestions are of a very practical nature. No attempt is made to elaborate a scientific theory of child guidance. The author draws on his own remembrances of an ideal home given him by his own parents. Emphasis is placed on the fundamental duty of the father and mother to educate their child. This duty begins with birth, continues during the school years and ends only when the children establish homes of their own. Suggestions on how to secure the right proportion of discipline and freedom in the life of the child are indicated by the author. Parents who sometimes think that their work is finished once the child is sent off to school are especially scored by Father Lord. The American home needs discipline so that the parents may take back the control that they have surrendered to their children.

The section on guidance of the adolescent boy and girl is of extreme importance. Adults often cannot understand the change in conduct that appears during this period of life. The child that was always so obedient now becomes difficult to handle. During adolescence there is great danger that parents will begin to lose contact with their children. During this period parents have a very serious obligation to instruct their children in the mysteries of life. But every one who has contact with the young realize how often fathers and mothers shirk this duty. The reason that

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGURIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

carelessness or fear should read these pages very carefully.

Some Notes for the Guidance of Parents is a necessary book for all who feel unprepared for the great profession of parenthood. Priests and Sisters and others interested in the teaching and guidance of future parents will gain much profit from this latest book from the versatile pen of the Director of the Sodality of Mary.

In his last paragraph the author summarizes the teaching of the book:

"Man thought up the idea of Schools. God thought up the idea of homes. Teachers begin where parents leave off. But the plain fact is that parents should never leave off. They may call in the teacher, the priest, and the religious as auxiliaries. Always the forming of the child's character and the building of his strength and purity and faith and the elements of the real success are in the hands of the parents."

Popular Treatment of Actual Grace

The beauty and practicality of the doctrine on actual grace is not appreciated by Catholics who are obliged to lead a life under its influence. The Rev. John V. Matthews, S.J., explains the meaning of the phrase used so often in the act of contrition, *With the Help of Thy Grace* (Newman, 114 pp., \$1.50). In the form of questions and answers the basic doctrine on actual grace is given. The speculative difficulty about the reconciliation of Grace with the freedom of man's will is rightly omitted in this popular presentation. The answers are clear and adequate. After each section a number of practices make this work of great utility in the daily life of Catholics. This doctrinal-ascetical work will be appreciated by seminarians and lay persons.

Our Lady of Fatima

The Catholic world has long been aware of the apparitions that took place at Lourdes. Recently the non-Catholic reading and movie-going public has become conscious of the wondrous events that are associated with Lourdes. Not many Catholics know about the modern apparitions of the Blessed Mother

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to three young Portuguese children at Fatima. Archbishop Finbar Ryan, O.P., tells the story of these happenings in *Our Lady of Fatima* (Newman, 236 pp., \$1.25, paper cover).

In October of 1917, the same month in which the Russian Communistic Revolution began, the Blessed Mother appeared to three young children. To prove to the crowd of people who had doubted the children's account of former appearances of the Blessed Virgin, she asked her Son to perform a miracle. As the immense crowd watched, the sun began to whirl around as a spinning top, emitting lights of various colors. This lasted for ten minutes and produced great amazement and fear in all those who witnessed the spectacle.

This miracle was worked in order to confirm the message given by the Lady to the children. The message was an urgent plea to consecrate themselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and to make sacrifices and offer prayers of the Rosary to atone for the sins of the world. The Blessed Virgin prophesied that another world war would follow World War I if people did not do penance. She also foretold that Russia would be converted if the world would offer sacrifices for that intention.

The Church, always slow to approve extraordinary phenomena, has given her approval to these apparitions after years of investigation. The Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, has sanctioned the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary by recently consecrating the entire human race to her protection. In 1942 he broadcast a message on the silver jubilee of Fatima. Archbishop Ryan has written an authentic account of the apparitions and the effect produced in the lives of the young children and others who came to believe in the reality of the visions.

Life of the Little Flower for Children

Mary Fabyan Windeatt's latest life of a Saint for children is the story of the Little Flower. Mr. and Mrs.

Martin christened their youngest daughter, Marie Frances Therese, but they called her their *Little Queen* (Grail, 228 pp., \$2.00). The Little Flower is allowed to unfold her own life in language that children will understand.

St. Therese tells about the difficult time she had when God first sent her to her parents. She had to leave her mother and live with another woman who nursed her back to health. She narrates her childhood and the good times she had with her sisters. In simple language the Saint instructs children in the way of loving God. Life in the convent will interest the young child.

Mary Fabyan Windeatt has a wonderful ability to reach the mind of a young child. The direct narrative form she uses appeals to the young boy and girl. Children should be

introduced to the Saint that taught all the wondrous ease of spiritual childhood. Even older children of advanced years will find *The Little Queen* of absorbing interest and fascination.

Thoughts for Shut-Ins

Readers of the articles that Rev. D. F. Miller has written for Shut-ins will be pleased to learn that they have been reprinted as *Blessings in Illness* (Ligurian Pamphlet Office, 96 pp. 25 cents).

The brief essays are grouped under three convenient heads. *Spiritual Capsules* give instructions on the use of the spiritual medicine of the Sacraments, Mass and prayer. The second section, *Physical Pick-ups* offers advice on the use of natural means that will make the time of sickness a little more profitable and pleasant. Considerations on the choice of a Physician and a hospital, gratitude to nurses and doctors will prove of great benefit to the sick. The last section furnishes *Food for Thought* to the ill. The particular problems and temptations of the sick are touched on in these pages. The thoughts on *Loneliness*, *Discouragement*, *Meaning of Pain*, and on *Being a Burden* will inspire the sick in their moments of depression.

Blessings in Illness reveals an intimate knowledge of the problems of the sick and shut-in. The short essays will not weary the reader and will be of much benefit in helping to make illness a time of profit and blessing. All should read the chapters on the qualities of a good patient.

The Little Flower

The Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm., is one of the most ardent promoters of the cult of the Little Flower in the United States. He is National Director of her shrine in New Jersey. Numerous books, and pamphlets about the Little Flower and her Family have appeared from his pen.

The Little Flower's Mother (Carmelite Press, 56 pp., 15 cents) tells the simple story of the woman who received the honor of being the mother of a Saint. The love of God was the dominant love in her life. Though she was not able to follow her desire of consecrating herself to God in the convent, all her daughters answered the divine call.

Letters of the Little Flower's Mother (31 pp., 10 cents) reveal the deep spirituality of the woman who wanted to be the mother of a Saint. Her resignation to the will of God in the midst of the trials and sufferings of her married life will comfort some mothers who are losing their sons in battle.

Where the Little Flower Seems Nearest (44 pp., 10 cents) describes a visit to the convent at Lisieux. Photographs of places of interest increase the value of the booklet.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Pop: "Now be good while I'm out."

Son: "For a nickel I will."

Pop: "Son, you'll never be a real son of mine until you're good for nothing."

*

"Doctor," said the lady patient, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Everybody does, madam," replied the M.D. "But you would probably suffer a great deal more without 'em."

*

"Why is Jones pacing up and down in front of his house like that?"

"He's awfully worried about his wife, poor chap."

"Why, what's she got?"

"The car."

*

Two highwaymen held up a motorist, who gave them a fierce battle, injuring both severely before he was finally overcome and relieved of his money — one thin dime.

"Of all the fourflushers," exclaimed one of the robbers. "There ought to be a law against fellows driving with no more money than that!"

"I'm satisfied," said the other. "If he'd had a dollar, I believe he would have killed us."

*

The trainer had two performing dogs on the stage, trying them out for a booking agent.

The agent sat back, bored until the littlest dog piped up with: "Hey, Doc — how about booking us?"

"Great heavens!" he shouted. "You don't mean THAT little dog is talking?"

"Naw," wearily said the trainer. "You missed the point. The big dog's a ventriloquist."

*

A negro mammy whose years were many but who seemed to be always sprightly and happy, was asked by a young man how she kept her youth. She replied, "Well, ah tell yo, son, when ah works, ah works hard; when ah sits, ah sits loose; and when ah worries, ah jest goes to sleep."

*

Sambo: "Whar am Rastus ter day, Marcellus?"

Marcellus: "He am in de hospital."

Sambo: "In de hospital! What happened to him?"

Marcellus: "Oh, he jest came down de ladder about 10 minutes aftah it had been tooked away."

*

A lady checking over her grocery bill, found this item — "One tom cat — fifteen cents."

Indignant, she called up her grocer and demanded an explanation.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Jones," explained the grocer, "that's an abbreviation for tomato catsup."

Bill: "That was the unkindest cut of all, as the poet says."

Harry: "What was?"

Bill: "I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and she said, 'My, who is the ventriloquist?'"

*

Will Rogers, acting as toastmaster at a dinner one evening, was annoyed by the lengthy talk of the man he had just introduced. The long-winded bore finally ended his oratory and Rogers arose and said, "You have just listened to that famous Chinese statesman, On Too Long."

*

Mike: "I got one of those suits with two pairs of pants."

Gus: "How do you like it?"

Mike: "Not so well. It's too hot wearing two pairs of pants."

*

"Is Mr. Blank there?" said an agitated voice.

Mrs. Blank answered yes, and inquired:

"Do you want my husband in his capacity of veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?"

"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our new bulldog to open his mouth, and — there's a burglar in it."

*

An actor, long unemployed, became desperate and advertised in a Broadway journal as follows:

"Engagements wanted. — Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts."

*

"I have a feeling that the devil is present in this meeting today!" said the minister.

"Amen!" cried an old brother, from a far corner. "You've got him in close quarters! Lock the doors, and give him where he comes from!"

*

Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Brown after a quarrel were making up at the ladies' bar.

"Well, Mrs. 'Iggins," said Mrs. Brown, "I bears yer no malice." She raised her glass. "So 'ere's lookin' at yer, an' 'eaven knows that's a heffort!"

*

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor.

She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

*

Here's to the halo that crowned her head,
When at her feet I tarried,
And here's to the hats she wears instead,
Since she and I were married.

For Christmas Cheer

Do you have any relatives or friends who are ill or confined, in hospital or at home, and whom you will be visiting about Christmas time? Don't go to them empty handed. Take along a copy of

BLESSINGS IN ILLNESS

a 96 page booklet by D. F. Miller, containing short, inspirational articles on how a shut-in can make the most of his illness. The booklet is brightly covered, printed in large, easy-to-read type, and already in wide demand. The price is 25 cents. Order from the Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wis.

For Christmas Meditation

Do you want material for meditation during Advent and on through the Christmas season? Nothing has ever surpassed the classic written by St. Alphonsus Liguori for this particular season, called

THE INCARNATION, BIRTH AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST

The price is \$1.00 per copy at the Liguorian Pamphlet Office.

For Boys

Have you an altar boy in the family? Or are you one of those *fortunate* persons who have charge of altar boys? You will want to read, and perhaps hand on to others, copies of J. J. Galvin's popular pamphlet — the only one of its kind in print anywhere — called

IN FAINT PRAISE OF ALTAR BOYS

The price is 5 cents a copy, 50 cents per dozen, \$3.50 per hundred at the Liguorian Pamphlet Office.

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From

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

REVIEWED THIS WEEK

Crazy Knights
Nevada
Sergeant Mike
Town West Wild, The
PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED
American Romance, An
Babes on Swing Street
Big Noise
Bordertown Trail
Brazil
Cowboy from Lonesome River
Crime by Night
Cyclone Prairie Rangers
Dangerous Journey
Dead or Alive
Dixie Jamboree
Firebrands of Arizona
Forty Thieves
Fuzzy Settles Down
Gangsters of the Frontier
Ghost Catchers, The
Great Mike, The
Great Moment, The
Gypsy Wildcat
Heavenly Days
Henry Aldrich's Little Secret
In Society
Land of the Outlaws

Law of the Valley
Lights of Old Santa Fe
Louisiana Hayride
Marked Trail
Meet Me in St. Louis
Meet Miss Bobby Socks
Minstrel Man
Monastery
Mr. Winkle Goes to War
My Pal Wolf
Mystery Man
National Barn Dance, The
Oath of Vengeance
Rebellious Daughters
One Mysterious Night
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay
Outlaw Trail
Partners of the Trail
Pearl of Death
Range Law
Reckless Age
Riders of Santa Fe
Rustler's Hideout
San Antonio Kid
San Diego, I Love You
San Fernando Valley
Secret Mission
Secrets of Scotland Yard
Shadow of Suspicion

Sheriff of Las Vegas
Sheriff of Sundown
She's a Soldier, Too
Silver City Kid
Since You Went Away
Sing, Neighbor, Sing
Singing Sheriff, The
Song of Nevada
Sonora Stagecoach
South of Dixie
Spook Town
Stagecoach to Monterey
Sweet and Lowdown
Swing Hostess
Swing in the Saddle
Tall in the Saddle
That's My Baby
Three Little Sisters
Three Men in White
Trail by Gunsight
Trigger Law
Twilight on the Prairie
Utah Kin, The
West of the Rio Grande
When the Lights Go on Again
Wilson
Yellow Rose of Texas
Vigilantes of Dodge City
Wild Horse Phantom

